16 color pages on the making of the *HM* movie

HEAVY METAL®

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The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

HM

HEAVY METAL AUGUST 1981 VOL. V NO. 5

CONTENTS

Comment, by **Bert**, 4

Yawn, by **Stephen Bissette**, 6

The Richard Corben Interview, by **Brad Balfour**, 8

5:00, by **Mark Fisher**, 14

Outland, by **Jim Steranko**, 17

Dossier, 28

Martelaine, by **John Workman**, 31

Paradise Lost, by **Mora and Gimenez**, 34

Heavy Metal: The Making of the Movie, by **Brad Balfour**, 41

Pigs on the Wing, by **Tom Yeates**. Written by **Ken Feduniewicz**, 57

The Immoral Majority, by **Norman Spinrad**, 63

Homo Detritus, by **Caza**, 66

The Immortals' Fete, by **Enki Bilal**, 76

Cody Starbuck, by **Howard Chaykin**, 82

Rock Opera, by **Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.**, 92

The Bus, by **Paul Kirchner**, 96

Editorial, 4

Chain Mail, 6

Coming Next Month, 96

Front cover, Grace, by **Esteban Maroto**

Back cover, On Your Mark, Get Set, Go! by **Hajime Sorayama**

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EDITORIAL

Convergences: good ol' C. G. Jung was right about synchronicity—the notion that all things in the universe are connected throughout time and space by an infinitely intricate series of seemingly coincidental associations. For example, look at all the stuff that happened around here in the months (April/May) of this writing: a wedding (Julie Simmons and Alan Lynch); a sex-and-language conference (the International Freudian Movement's annual congress); the SFWA's Nebula Awards banquet (where sf writers honor their own); the return of Jean-Pierre Dionnet and *Metal Hurlant* to our fold (more Moebius, more Druillet, more Nicollet!); the appearance of Adam and The Ants at the Palladium (the collusion of fashion and rock).

Marriages of all sorts: this sampling of one month (or so) of various media events, personal activities, and relationships professional and otherwise provides a wide array of disparate yet complementary associations. Convergences—where, as with the meshing of sand grains in an hourglass, situations all run together and affect each other in various ways. A marriage of two people: two with thoroughly different origins being brought together into a collaboration of the most profound sort. The marriage of ideas, whether they be those of sex and language (or the language of sex if you will) or those of interfaced disciplines (as at the SFWA banquet, where mathematician Marvin Minsky, astronomer Mark Chartrand, and futurist Barbara Marx Hubbard spoke before the sf-writers audience). The marriage of one medium (fashion-as-symbol) and another (rock music—certainly a mythic style all its own). And when two former collaborators revive an association, as *Metal Hurlant* and *Heavy Metal* have, the active energy to make such a reunion successful is even greater than at the beginning. Best of all, convergences create from themselves something new, something unlike either parent, yet derived from both.

As Americans have always looked to Europe for both its tradition and its support for the avant-garde, we have always offered them energy, spirit, and drive. Historical convergences. So, within the pages of *HM*, a union of planetary visions often stands existing institutions (whether they be the clichés that comics are juvenile or that surrealism is dead) on their heads. Here already an international mélange has been introduced into the staid world of conventional American comics and mainstream illustration. Our magazine is pregnant from the union of literary sf with visual ideas as well as cinematic possibilities.

And now to another convergence of a fundamental sort: *Heavy Metal*—the movie. A convergence that can reach the most people, most immediately. This is no diffusion of energies, of activities running at cross-purposes, but a proper meshing of media (film, illustrations, sound, and music) and methods (the literary and the visual). This union represents the marriage of ideals, aesthetic and otherwise; the perfect union of film and comics, science fiction and heroes. A convergence like this is myth in the making.

—BB

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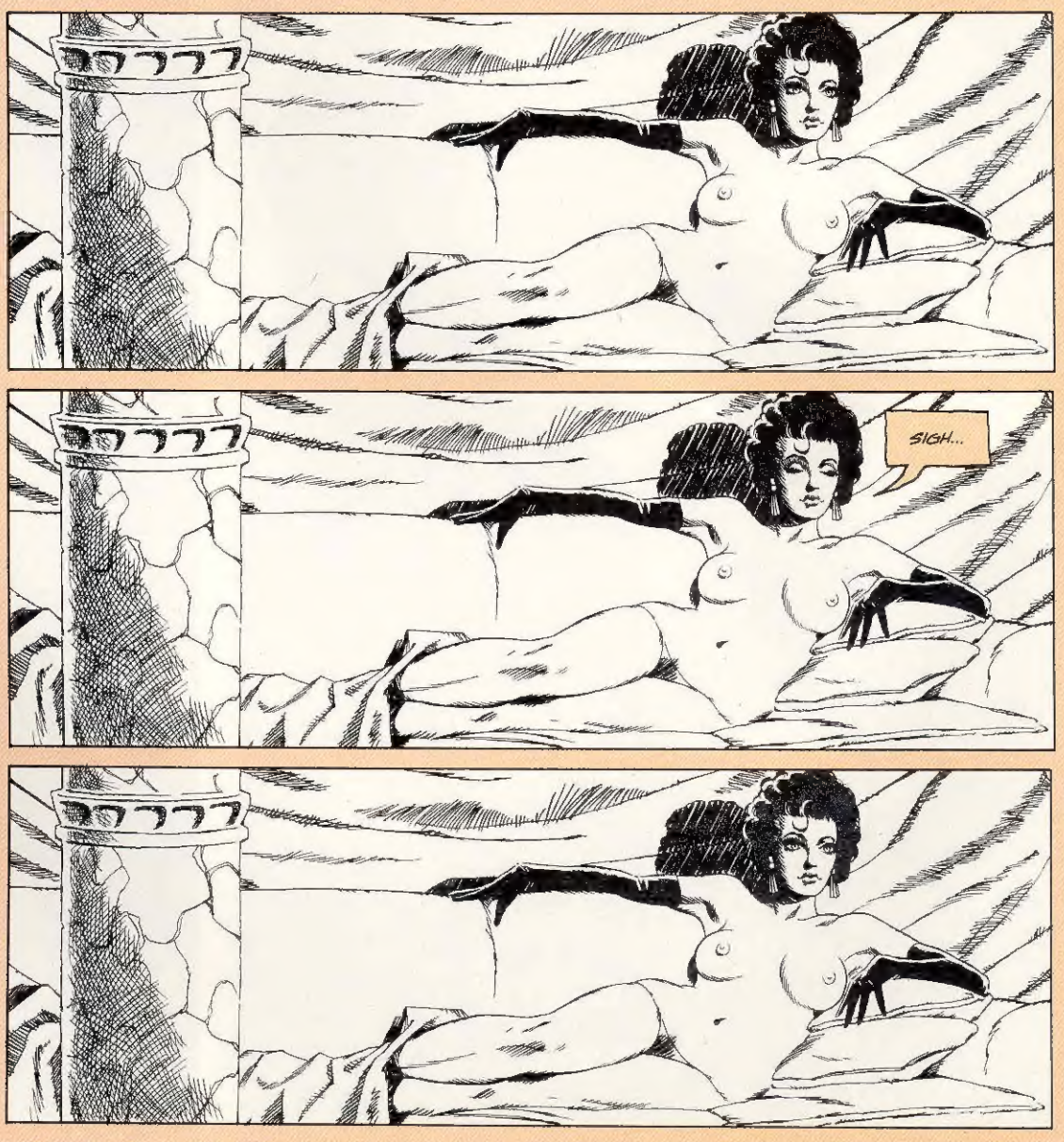

by Bert

The Heavy Metal Bookshelf:

A Universe of Fantasy

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Ulysses

Art and text by Lob and Pichard. The brave Ulysses pits his strength against gods and goddesses as he travels across the universe.

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The dream epic of fierce horsemen who never lost a battle and never won a war, from *Heavy Metal* Magazine.

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The Book of Alien

by Paul Scanlon. Designed by Michael Gross Contains over 100 sketches, behind-the-scenes photos, interviews, and commentaries from the Twentieth Century Fox thriller.

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Psychorock

Five stories by Sergio Macedo that have made him a cult figure wherever people have seen the sky rip open to the sounds of punk rock.

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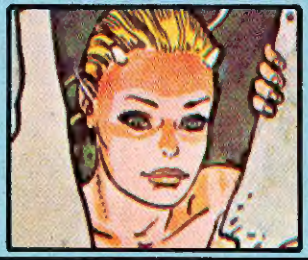

Is Man Good?

The collected full-color Moebius, including "The Long Tomorrow," "Ballade," "Small Universe," and the utterly grotesque title story.

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New Tales of the Arabian Nights

by Richard Corben and Jan Strnad. The ancient tales, including Sindbad the Sailor, are retold in new, exciting and bawdy adventures.

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More Than Human

Theodore Sturgeon's SF classic, now in bold graphic style, deals with the formation of a superhuman by the synthesis of six different and complex personalities.

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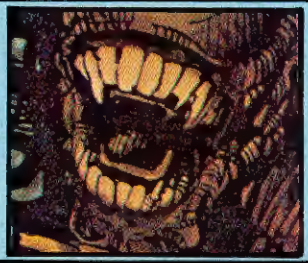


Alien: The Illustrated Story

by Walter Simonson and Archie Goodwin Based on the Twentieth Century Fox hit, the crew of the *Nostromo* grapples with a terrifying life force they can't leash or comprehend—the Alien!

ORIGINAL PRICE $6.95

SPECIAL! NOW $2.95

Barbarella The Moon Child

The first feminine fantasy figure returns to challenge the universe. Drawn by originator Jean-Claude Forest, the book also includes action stills from the film Barbarella starring Jane Fonda.

CHAIN MAIL

The following letter was received in our offices the morning Reagan got shot. It's a bit eerie, don't you think?

Dear Mr. Ellison:

I am writing to thank you for your powerful article on handgun control which appeared in *Heavy Metal* magazine [March '81].

You should know that for the past month we have been receiving mail—inquiries and contributions—as a result of that article. Your hard-hitting message succeeded. It motivated your readers to *act* on the issue of handgun control. We are grateful for your support and for the support that you have generated.

We will place you on our mailing list so that you'll receive regular reports on our progress.

Charles J. Orasin
Executive Vice President
Handgun Control, Inc.

Dear Sir,

I'm an inmate in the Florida State Prison and an avid reader of *HM*, and I enjoy your magazine immensely! The art and stories are great and I've especially enjoyed "The Ambassador of the Shadows," and hated to see the story come to a close. Also enjoyed "What Is Reality, Papa?" and look forward to the further adventures of Axle and Musky.

Before closing I would like to ask you if you could please print my full name and address with this letter. You see, I don't receive any letters and maybe someone who reads *HM* would like to correspond with a lonely prisoner, who would like to receive a letter. In any case, I want you to know that although it gets lonely around here, once a month *HM* fills some of those lonely days. Keep up the good work!

Sincerely,
#021775
Benito Marrero
P.O. Box 747
Starke, FL 32091

Dear Eds:

Please excuse this intrusion, but I would like to inquire as to when Heavy Metal Books would be publishing "Champakou," by Jeronaton. It has been nearly a year since this beautifully rendered tale of fantasy appeared in the April, May, and June issues of *Heavy Metal* magazine. As you may know, the author portrays this story with a nearly cinematic approach. His illustrations are rendered with consummate skill and beauty, which involve an extremely detailed and accurate recreation of ancient Mayan life. Those familiar with the ruins can easily recognize those scenes with the temples and ball court of Chichén Itzá or the observatory tower of Palenque.

However, a few typographical errors occur in the text, no doubt caused by translating Maya words from French into English. These errors can easily be corrected by reference to such standard works as *Maya History and Religion*, by J. Eric S. Thompson (1970). Enclosed is a list of these errors and corrections for use by your editor of this book. The author-artist has been most careful in accurately depicting Mayan life, so the English text ought to be as accurate as possible.

This beautiful tale of fantasy deserves to be published in book form. I earnestly look forward to seeing the publication of "Champakou" by Heavy Metal Books.

Richard Kirsch
Cumberland, Md.

Errors and Corrections for "Champakou"

KATOUN (Part 1, pp. 6 and 7; Part 2, p. 11) should be spelled KATUN, literally meaning "twenty stone," a cycle of 20 years. This word is related to TUN, which is correctly defined as a year of 360 days on p. 7, Part 1.

AHOUCAN, the Great Priest (Part 1, p. 8), is usually spelled in English texts as AHAU CAN, literally "Lord Serpent."

CHA, the God of Rain (Part 2, p. 5), should be CHAC.

BALCH (Part 2, p. 9), the beverage drunk during religious ceremonies, should be spelled BALCHE.

BATABOOB, the Governor of the City (Part 2, p. 11; Part 4, p. 4), should either be BATAB (singular) or BATABOB (plural).

KIMICHKAKOMO (Part 2, p. 11) or KIMICHKAKNO (Part 4, p. 9), "Light of Day," i.e., an aspect of the Sun God, is usually rendered in English texts as KINICH KAKMO.

TEOTIHUACAN (Part 2, p. 13), the large and dominating city whose ruins lie just 30 miles from Mexico City, would actually be west, not east, of the Maya area. The name was misspelled on p. 5, Part 4.

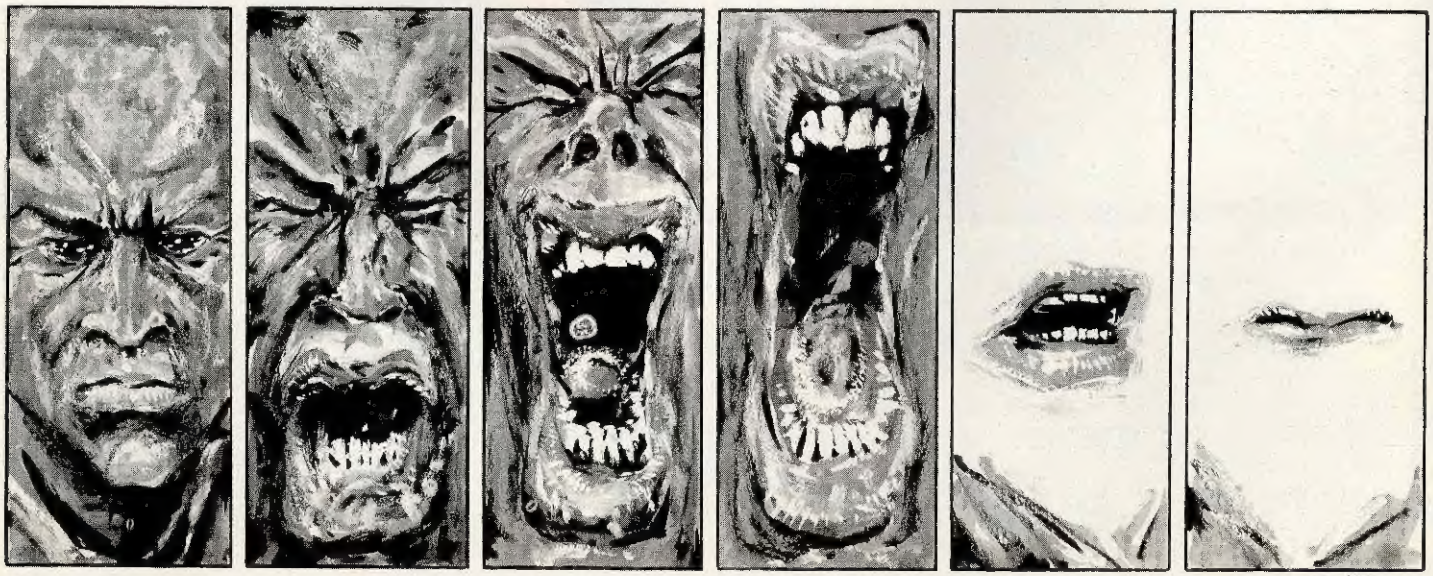
OURAKAN, the Mayan God of Storms (Part 3, p. 8 and p. 15 of the May 1980 issue), is usually given in English texts as HURACAN, from which is derived our word "hurricane."

HUNAB KOU (Part 4, p. 6) is misspelled. It is correctly given as HUNAB KU on p. 2 of Part 1.

Dear Richard,
Thanks for your letter in response to Jeronaton's "Champakou." We have gotten an awful lot of response to this piece and are sure readers will be interested in reading your annotations. HM *will not be publishing a book of "Champakou," but a French version can be obtained through Les Humanoides Associés, 17, rue Monsigny, Paris, 75002, France. (Sorry, we don't know the price.)*

The Eds.

YAWN



TAKE A TRIP

YOUR PRIVATE FICTION NOW AVAILABLE WITH THIS GIANT SIZE (50"x30") "STAR OF THE NIGHT" ART PRINT

"STAR OF THE NIGHT"

I sat down on a purple, sparkling rock, closed my eyes, and tried to stop my heart from pounding. It was almost an accident, when weeks ago I stumbled into this crazy picture. I remember resisting only vaguely. It was too comfortable to leave behind the piled up bills from last month on the living room table, the ringing telephone, the possibility of calling my boss about some idiotic problem in the office, and the plans to meet my in-laws arriving on the evening flight.

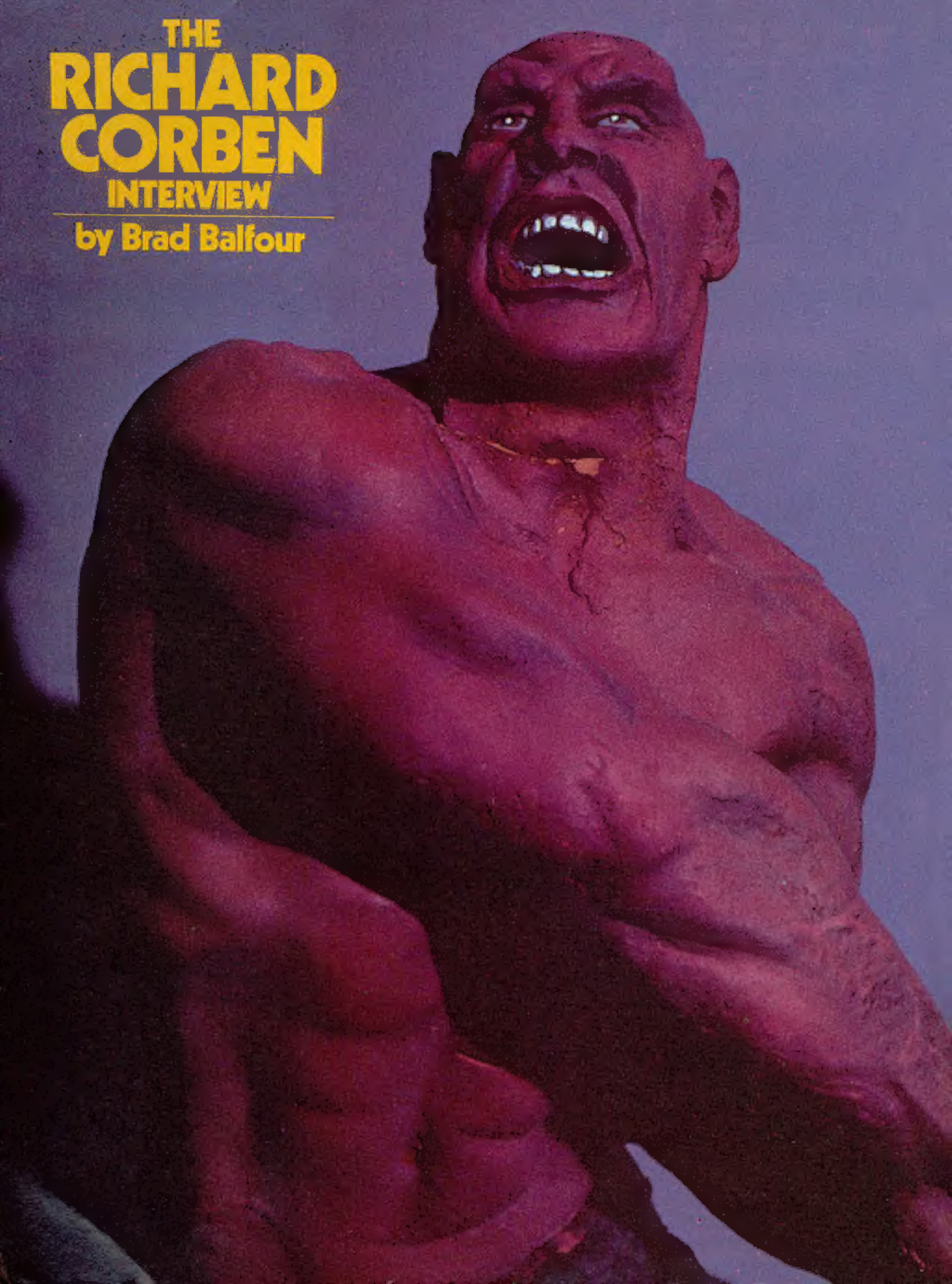
I just stepped in; how, I do not remember and did not have the time to try. Always something new, unexplored; somewhere behind strange formations of rocks was what I wanted to see, touch and walk through: It has been long since I left behind rumbling craters spewing molten lava into the valley and entered solid blue clouds with trillions of little metallic butterflies and walked for hours to find myself on the shores of a lake of heavy water, shining like melted lead and studded with diamonds.

Startled by a sudden cry from a seemingly immobile giant bird resembling an oversized flamingo, my foot slipped and my hands grabbed into the air in panic. My body twisted and I was prepared for a long fall into the dark hole deep under. Good-bye my little miserable life! After several violent twists in the air, my body gave up in shock and I stopped falling. I discovered in that moment that I could fly, just by my mind. It was an intensive pleasure to be saved, multiplied by my new ability. Damn with being human when you can fly! My voyage gained a speed of fast moving projection. I was leaping over horizons, weightless with a roar of propeller blades, faster and faster with the hiss of cannon balls gathering speed or slowing down . . . just by the power of my own thinking. I saw everything, yet everything was still ahead.

Has it been hundreds or thousands of miles? I do not worry much, I do not worry at all. I only know that I am not coming back .

THE RICHARD CORBEN INTERVIEW

by Brad Balfour



Richard Corben's visual impact on the comics world has been immense; his style is so unparalleled that he has few imitators of any note. In bridging the gap between conventional comics, the undergrounds, and the revolutionary bande dessinee, *Corben has not only reached the pinnacle of aesthetic success in the field but soared above it. As he has done so, his own history has taken on a mythic quality.*

When the French embraced his work, they did it not because of a shared vision but because Corben so completely represented the classic values of American comics and the heroic-fantasy tradition. He has done more than merely update, for he also depicts the underbelly of the America of Norman Rockwell (incidentally, an artist whose work he enjoys), as well as convolutes the bold, brutish visions of Burroughs (Edgar Rice) and R. E. Howard. Though wrung through the sixties and seventies, Corben's art embodies a traditionalist aesthetic. His conception of panel and page framework is both linear and narrative, compared to the psychedelic excursions of Moebius (the French artist he credits as the most influential European voice). Corben's method of storytelling is so grand that it overwhelms. He tells frontier tales in a dramatic way, not complicated by overt philosophizing. Instead, his craft and precision are almost philosophic in their realization; Corben's attention to detail, his love of the masculine, and his almost primitivistic body worship are both refreshing and yet somehow regressive.

Ultimately, if only one thing is wrong with his work, it is that he's too much Corben, too much trapped in being himself. Perhaps his recent exposure to Europe will have provided new influences. While the publication overseas of both a 200-plus-page Corben collection and the revised Mutant World *book may announce a summation of one phase, Corben already looks to moving ahead.*

The clay model of Den (at left) is used by Corben both to envision the lighting for drawing and to actually photograph as a character in his photo-illustration story experiments. Two have been completed—"Ogre," which ran in an issue of 1984, *and the unpublished "Doom's Cult." Says Corben: "Photography is a tool for me: I use it in my drawing as well. I select a number of poses for a strip and I photograph the model, then draw from the photographs. I change the images to suit my purposes. The sculptures I make (which I use photographically) have influences that come especially from Michelangelo and Rodin. There's a certain bodily proportion—the emphasis on limbs, hands, and feet. It's relevant to how I see the figures. The hands are emphasized because to the characters they're the most important tool."*

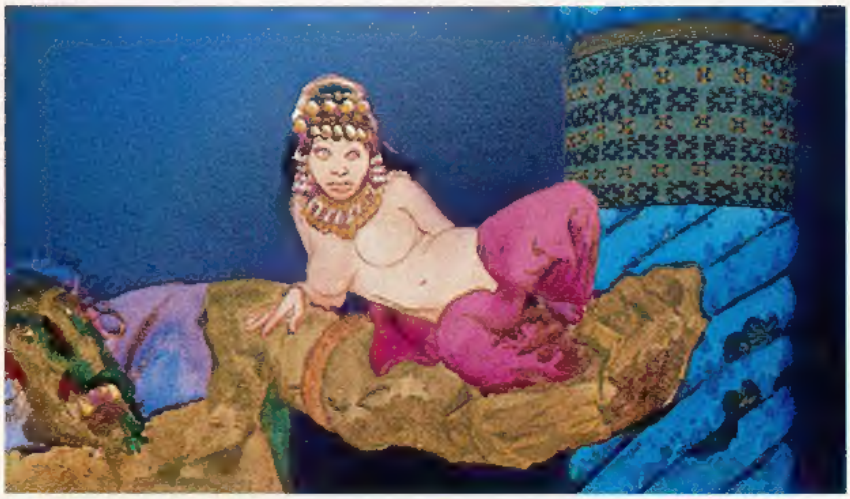
BB: What do you think about Kansas City?
RC: It's a middle-sized city—it's got everything I want and that's why I don't have to move to New York.
BB: Did you ever want to see primitive lands?
RC: Yes—I enjoy exploring ancient ruins. In fact, I even considered going to Mexico. The Aztec and the Celtic are very remote civilizations. What they have in common is that they're both involved with intricate designs. I like primitive imagery because it is so interesting and at the same time so separated from modern society.
BB: You're interested in video as well as in film and drawing.
RC: I feel that video, as opposed to TV and movies, puts a person's entertainment under their own control, at last. They don't have to wait for a show to come on television. They can buy a prerecorded tape and watch it whenever they like or record it off commercial television, getting rid of the offensive commercials, then watching it whenever they feel like it. If they don't want to watch all of it, they don't have to, or if they want to watch only some of it, they can.

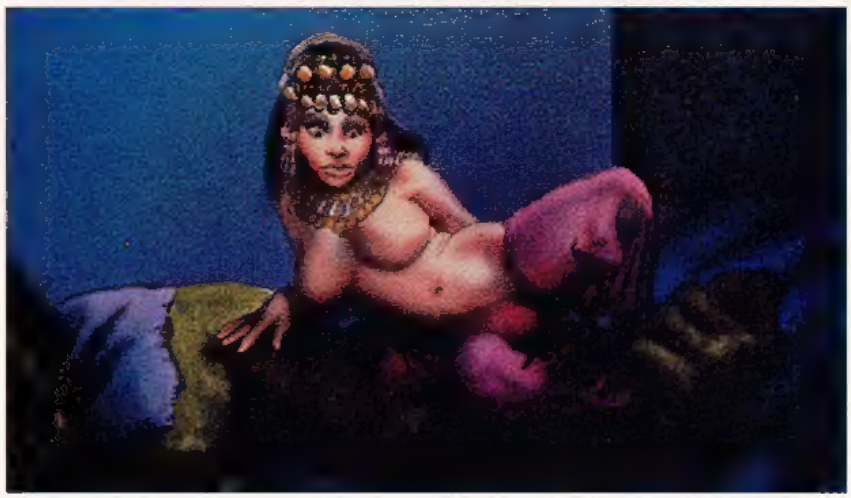
I'm interested in the forties and fifties horror movies, some of the old science-fiction movies, and some of the more recent horror and science fiction too. I've got about half a dozen of Roger Corman's Poe movies. They aren't the greatest movies, but I study these films to see if I could make them different, if I were making them.
BB: So, Corman is a favorite director?
RC: Corman, because he's one of the most efficient directors. He could bring out a movie in practically no time. Also, Ray Harryhausen—I'd like to meet him. But when he's doing his work, it would be impossible—he's very secretive. I think Fellini is a very interesting director. I'm not saying he's got great films, but I think he's the greatest caster of films ever.
BB: Whom or what does Richard Corben recommend as reading?
RC: There're certain subjects. I'm interested in dinosaur books, books on animals—and there's *Making Money, Making Movies.* It's a very discouraging book. It rips aside the hypocritical facade of theatrical films. Their end purpose is to sell popcorn and candy.
BB: Whom do you admire in fine art?
RC: I admire Picasso because he was so prolific in so many different fields, though I wasn't really into him in all things.
BB: What kind of artwork do you hate?
RC: I don't like pretensions. For example, if an artist has a simple and rather primitive style and pretends it's great art, well, I find that rather silly.
BB: Are there any famous cartoonists you would like to meet in person?
RC: I would like to meet Jack Davis, Wally Wood, and Alex Toth. Several people have noticed the similarity of my stuff to John Severin's; and Wally Wood was one of my favorites. Practically any E.C. artist. Jack Davis or Reed Crandall of any of them. And don't forget Graham Ingels, especially.
BB: There's a certain quality of Virgil Finlay to your work.

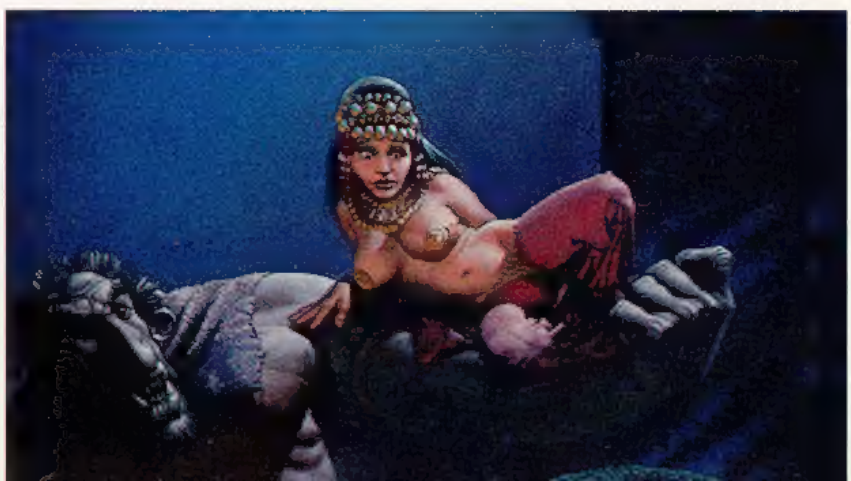
Photographs by Brad Balfour

These three heads (ignore the fourth on the bottom; that's simply the creator himself) are several of those used by Corben for illustration lighting effects and for actually photographing as illustrations.

A breakdown of Corben's working process for paintings: "Take this cover, for instance. When you look at it it's roughly a few colors: red, gray, and yellow and black—the Arabian Nights *cover. If I were carrying this out in overlays, there would probably be a greater middle range of colors where the yellow and red are put together, because they're more vibrant. There would probably be more middle colors where they mix. And it's just a matter of opinion, which is more profound, for a cover can be just the red and the yellow and the black. But then for subtleties, the overlay has more mixed colors to it. This cover was done in full colors; that's why the colors are more simplified. What makes my technique different from that of most other cartoonists is that I start out in line, but I render them in tone. I can't think of any other artist who does that to the extent that I do. I won't say it's photographic, but it is different; it's carried out to a surrealistic end."*







RC: That quality is probably a coincidence. When my style was being formed, I wasn't really into Finlay. I have a conscious influence from the Baroque and Renaissance artists, such as Rembrandt and Michelangelo, and from the Greek and the Roman too—the classical period, where they had the fully rounded statues. I guess, in graphic terms, what I mean is trying to make the work simplified in some ways or ornate in some ways. I try to be inventive in every way, not only in the stories I do but in the techniques I use. I invented a technique—my system of color overlays—which apparently nobody can understand, but it's really very simple. The luminescent quality of my color overlays is derived from the way I combine the colors. I shoot the photomechanical separations myself, to a slightly higher contrast than a normal photo engraver would do. This makes the colors appear brighter. I'm excited when I do finally see the colors. I can see if my ideas work well or not so well.

"I want to produce movies, not theatrical ones, but art movies and animation. I want to do things like jump out of airplanes, but that I think I'll let pass."

BB: I wonder if there's something psychological to the color qualities you stress. It's very intense; it almost burns! In terms of your visual approaches as well—certain types of angles and such—it's very cinematic, or photographic.

RC: I feel I am still studying the medium and feeling my way around, using editing and photography. I use them as they occur to me; during the course of doing the breakdowns I'll get an idea to do a sort of editing effect or some kind of continuity effect. There's probably a danger in using an effect that draws attention to itself and then draws attention away from the story you're telling.

BB: Though I think you have an antitechnological bias in some of your stories you definitely seem fascinated by printing technology, video technology....

RC: My interest in technology is not from studying resistors and transistors. Mine is more of a craftsman interest. The things I use are very simple. If there's anything complicated, it's the way the colors go together, and that's in my mind. The idea of doing overlays is simple. The way I do it is slightly different.

BB: What do you consider the most important thing when it comes to filmmaking?

RC: Well, say, in *The House of Usher*, Roger Corman changed it into a melodrama. I would have tried for more mood and have made the house more fantastic or mysterious. I enjoyed adapting Poe for Warren comics, but there's something in me that's too schizophrenic. Part of me wants to do the adaptation as true to the written work as possible. Then another part of me wants to take off on flights of fancy, starting on their idea and going on that, and making it more my story. So it has its good and not so good. It would depend on the story. Warren's big thing was mystery and cosmic horror. I would want to add something with action and violence too. They've got a lot of weird characters, and I would emphasize that.

BB: How do you feel about working with other people?

RC: I like some better than others. There are several different ways of working. Jan Strnad and I work together several different ways. Sometimes he'll just write a story—a description—and then I will do some breakdowns from that to the correct paste-up length. Then I will send those back to him, and he goes over them,putting in dialogue the ways he wants. He'll send them back, and then I'll proceed with the finished art. Occasionally, when we're working with a publisher who wants to check up on each stage, he'll write the page breakdowns with the dialogue before I do our sketches, and he usually oversees the sketches before I proceed with the final art. When I work with Warren the script is done long before I even decide who's going to do it. Everything to be drawn is written down. I just follow the plans and leave room for balloons and narration. I used to do the lettering myself, but Warren didn't like my lettering.

BB: And when you work on your own what do you do?

RC: It might work in different ways. You start from a sketch—what Jan calls a key situation. That's the basic germ, a character or a situation of some kind. If I'm writing, I outline, maybe change it around, and then do the final writing; I do the breakdowns all at once. So I have a rough story plan just for the sketches, with the words all written in, and then I'm ready to have the type made and start with the finished art.

The writer closest to me and my attitudes is Jan. We've worked on and off for seven or eight years. It's a good working relationship because our attitudes about fantasy and science fiction are very close. Jan is against the corporate monsters and emphasizes the plight of the individual.

BB: Do you have any regrets?

RC: Probably for not using my time in the best possible way...I feel like I wasted years in doing nothing.

BB: Do you feel that in some ways you've been born again at forty?

RC: It's too close to tell! As I was telling Donna the other day, the greatest tragedy about life is that you don't have your wisdom and your youth at the same time. When I passed thirty it didn't bother me too much, but passing forty, I'm thinking more about it. The time has come to make a list of all the things you want to do with your life and then start doing them, because it's going to be too late otherwise. Things I couldn't attain earlier, I strive for even harder. I am willing to gamble more now because it's now or never!

BB: What things?

RC: Well, I want to produce movies, not theatrical ones, but art movies and animation. I want to do things like jump out of airplanes, but that I think I'll let pass. I want to become a black belt; I got started on that, but it's holding now. I spent a couple of years

CREATORS' COMMENTS ON CORBEN

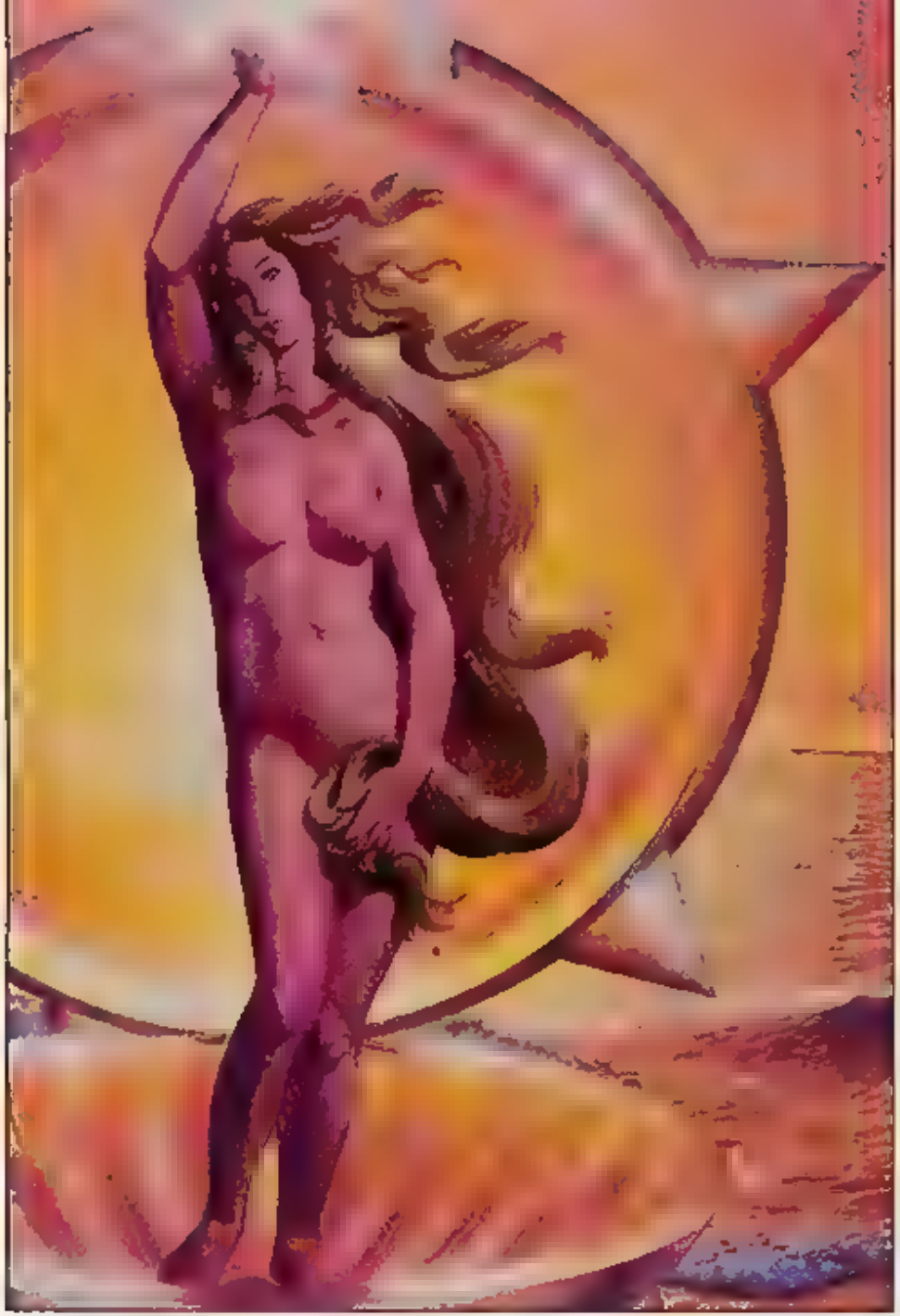
OLIVER STONE: Academy Award–winning screenwriter, *Conan* (the movie) coscripter, and director of *The Hand*.

Richard Corben's images are grotesque characterizations of our own inherent bestiality. The characters are gravity squashed, horizontal, as opposed to, say, early *Conan* comic illustrator Barry Windsor Smith's open, vertical creatures of grace and aspiration. Though radically different, both are equally major artists of their genre.

Art is often divided into two schools: the ugly and the beautiful; the Van Gogh and the Renoir. After my own experiences, I'm not sure that these two schools aren't one and the same.

JIM STERANKO: Style-setting comics artist and publisher of *Mediascene Prevue* magazine.

There have been significant advances in the comic form over the past fifteen years. Those advances are, however, attributable to a small core of individuals who have set their own standards and, generally, their own pace. Corben is one of those artists, a true original who is still able to create the unexpected, even for those who know his work intimately. Equally remarkable is his ability to tie the tails of over- and underground comics together, producing material highly acceptable to both.



Detail of Kansas City rock group Morningstar's Venus *album cover*

An example of an early Corben airbrush painting

One of Corben's black-and-white airbrush paintings—the basic image over which his acetate overlays are placed. This illustration was used by the SF Book Club:

"When you do a black-and-white piece of art— even if it's going to be color later—it has to look right to you, so it has to be finished to a point that it doesn't need to have the color working for it when you look at it."

The striking colors usually seen in Corben's panel-art stories printed in HM, *such as "Neverwhere" and "Arabian Nights," are created through a special adaptation of the normal printing process for color art—that of breaking down a full-color image into the four basic printer's colors: red, yellow, black, and blue. A photo is made of the original black-and-white art (which is then called continuous-tone art), and that is colored by Corben's process: "It's done over continuous-tone art but it's done with acetate overlays. For each color we have an overlay. Each overlay consists of four levels—the bottom level being the darkest, and the top level the lightest. The overlay is placed over the continuous-tone art, and the darkest parts are colored in on the bottom levels to the second and third steps. The highest tone of that color will be put on the top level. It's photographed in black and white, overlaying the art so that the tones are photographed with all the tonality of the base art coming through. Even though it is shot in black and white, it is printed in the appropriate color, and this gives the color a look about it which makes it resemble process color art. Of course, wherever the different colors overlap is where they make the primary and secondary colors. I wanted to do tone art and I couldn't afford process films. At the time, they cost about $100 per page, just to make films, and it's much more expensive now. But I wanted this full range of tones and colors, so that's why I worked into it. Now I can do a better job with the overlays than I can with full color, in some ways. It becomes more abstract this way. When you can actually see the color you reach a certain point and say, 'Well, that's okay, good enough.' But when you can't see it—when you do each color this way—you're still thinking of the color theme and carry it out to a greater extent than you would if you could see all the colors together. And because the art is in black and white it usually has more detail than if it were done in full color."*

HIS STORY FINISHED, GROM TOO PASSED AWAY, AND THE TALE OF BLOODSTAR THE ELDER AND HIS BATTLE WITH THE KING OF THE NORTHERN ABYSS BECAME LEGEND FOR ALL TIME.

in karate, but I stopped it for a while because I was getting too beat up.

BB: That would wean one away from it...

RC: That was one of the problems. I started it when I was in my mid thirties, and all the other karate students were in their teens or early twenties. So I was competing with much younger people, and I found that difficult. But I did stick it out longer than many of them. I was interested in it for a long time because of Bruce Lee and the Green Hornet, and then again owing to the martial-arts boom in the late seventies. It was one of those goals that I never pursued. Same with body building. That's one of the things I intended to do, and time was running out. So, I decided to keep up with it and give it a test period of a couple of years. I found that being thin it's a double-edged sword. Your metabolism is slow at turning fuel into muscle—it would rather turn it into fat. I went up to over 200 pounds and my waistline went up very fast too. It's very difficult to stay trim. I used to drink lots of colas. I would drink two or three Cokes a day. Now, I probably won't drink one a month! It's obvious I'm not into body building for the ego. It's not so important to me, because I have my drawings. My career inflates my ego or deflates it sometimes.

BB: How has it deflated it?

RC: When I feel that criticisms are unjust. Also, when a piece is rejected by an editor and he wants unreasonable changes in artwork, or when I get ridiculous letters from the editors. Now I realize that people who write in to horror magazines are usually children. The readership is much younger than the ones that read *Heavy Metal.*

BB: Has there ever been anyone whose brains you wanted to bash in?

RC: Yes, there was this one person I once worked with, who shall remain nameless. He first treated me as a friend, so I didn't know how to react. But I guess it's partially my fault, because I was treating friendship and business together, whereas he used one to gain an advantage in the other. I can't forgive him for this.

It's so alien to my nature. I feel some of the business aspects of creative work are really degrading to the purity of the art, if there is any. It's not only true of comics, it's true of any business that has to do with art in any way.

BB: But what if your hands were chopped off, what would you do? Kill yourself?

RC: No—hands are just a tool. It would make things difficult at the beginning, but I could still draw.

BB: Have you ever thought of suicide?

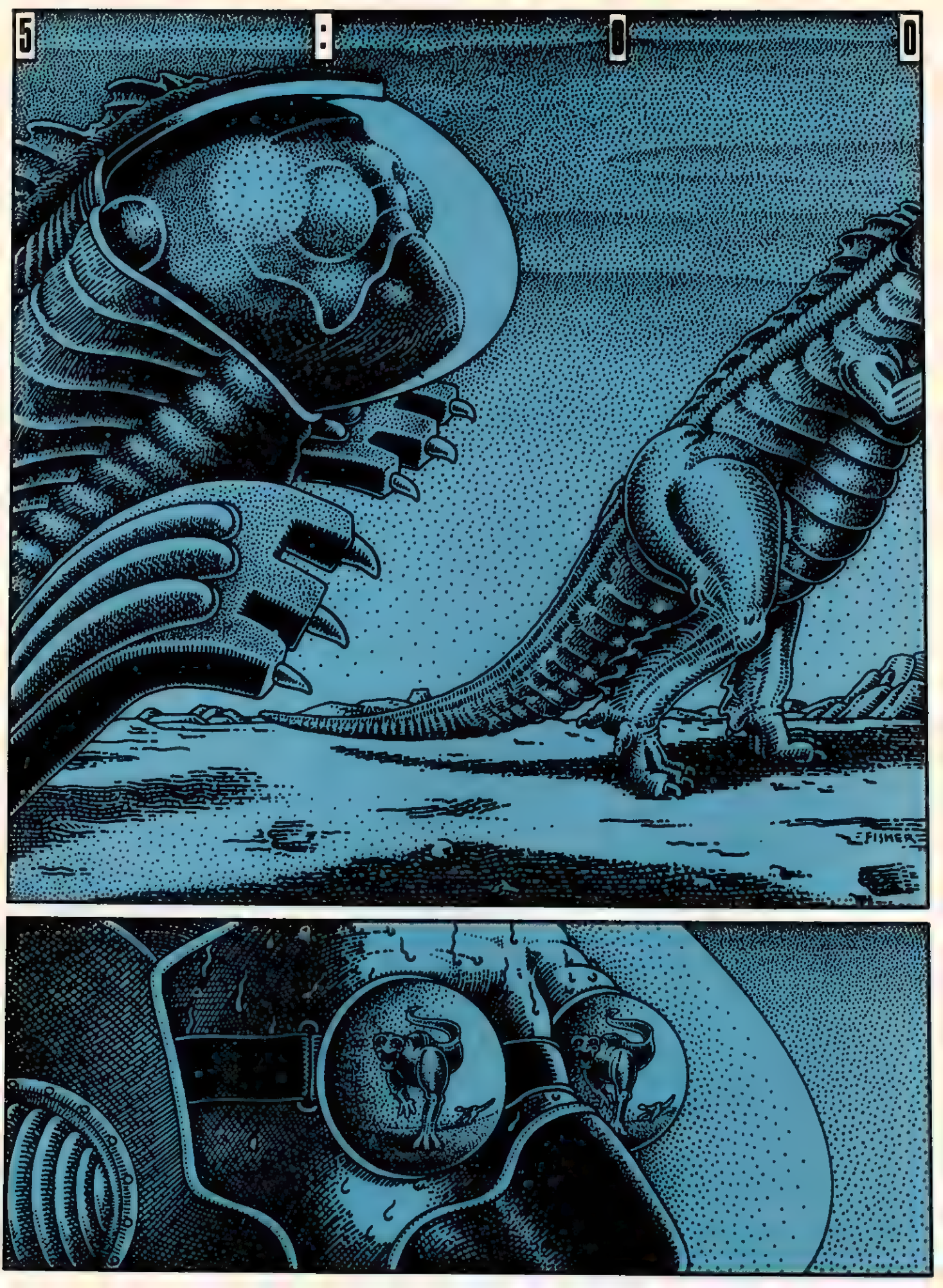
RC: Maybe, in my early youth, but never really thinking hard enough to ever actually consider it.

RC: Is there anything you would be a raving lunatic over? A film? Whom would you die to meet? Whom would you be dying to have sex with? What famous person?

RC: I better not comment—well, Sophia Loren.

BB: What would you do if Sophia Loren walked through the door?

RC: I can't think about her. She's another person; she has her own life.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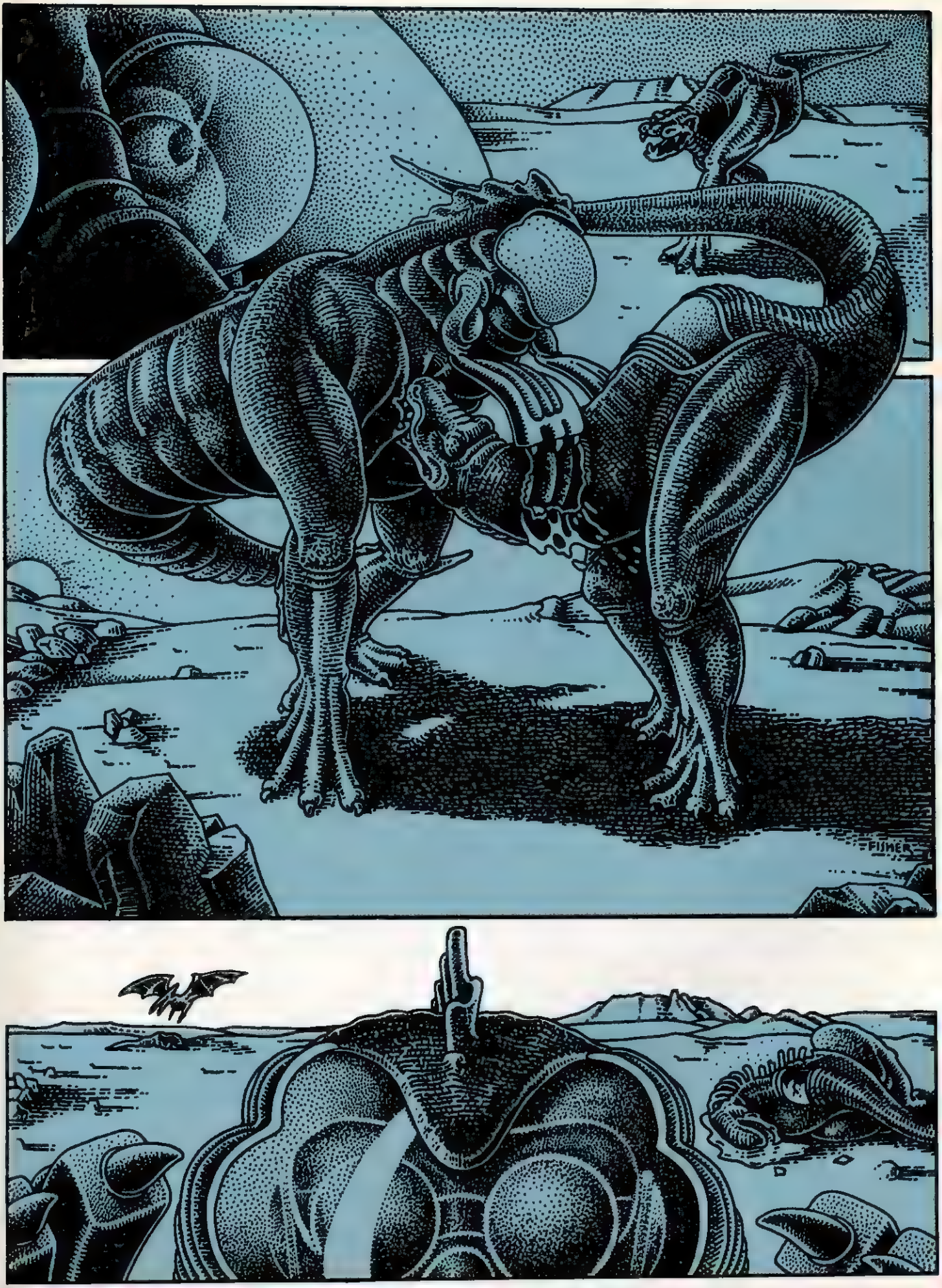
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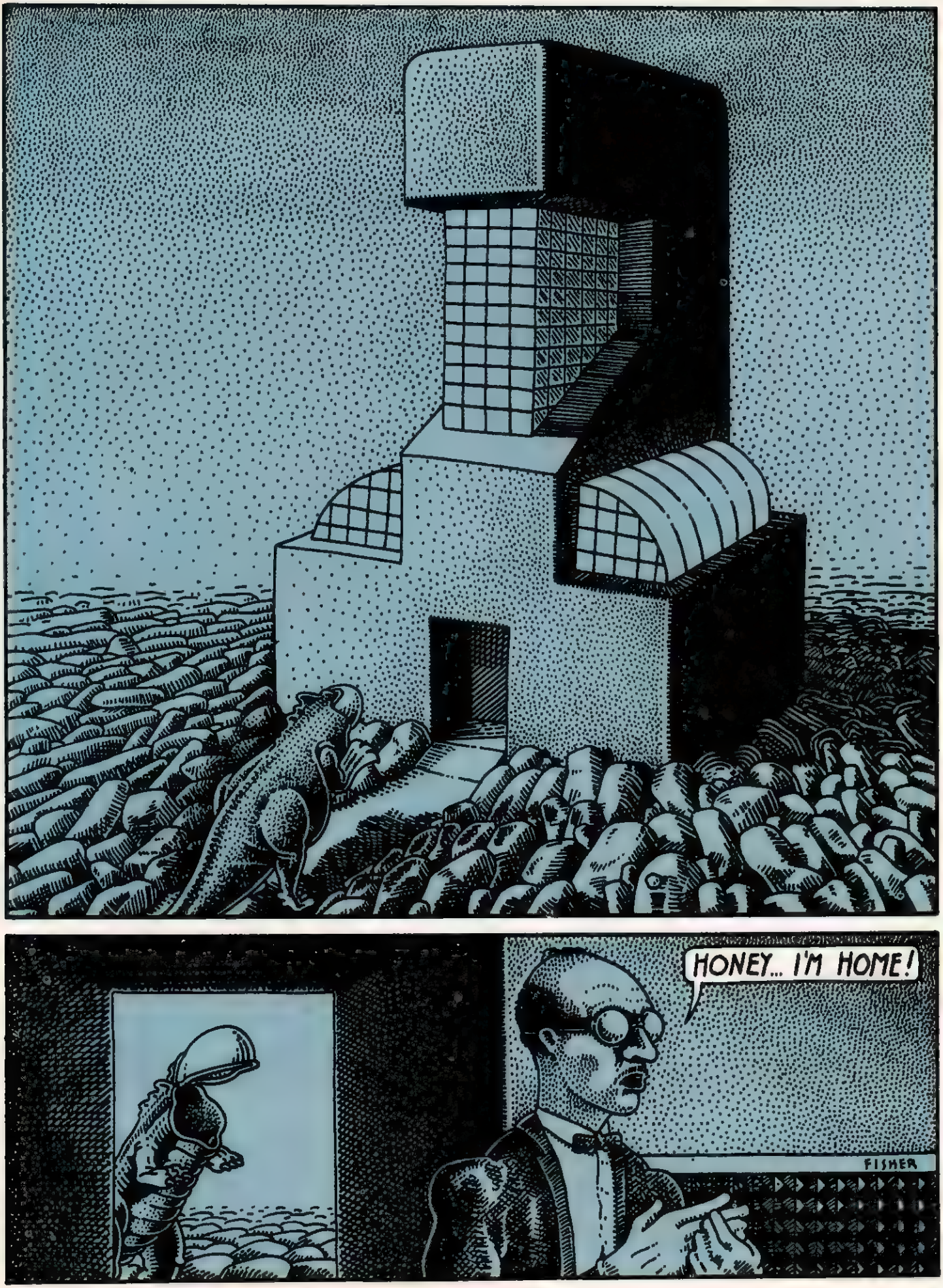

HONEY... I'M HOME!
FISHER

"I JUST CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE." HIS WIFE SAID, JUST BEFORE SHE TOOK THEIR SON AWAY ON THE SHUTTLE, LEAVING THE SMALL HARSH MINING COLONY OF IO BEHIND. FEDERAL MARSHAL WILLIAM T. O'NIEL PLAYED THE TAPED MESSAGE OVER AND OVER THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, WITH THE ECHO OF HIS WIFE'S PARTING WORDS RINGING IN HIS THOUGHTS HE SWORE TO DIG EVEN DEEPER TO UNCOVER THE DARK MYSTERY OF THE BIZARRE, UNEXPLAINABLE DEATHS PLAGUING THE OUTPOST OF TOUGH STAR-MINERS. NOW, ALL THAT WAS LEFT WAS HIS TENACITY FOR JUSTICE, A TRAIT THAT HAD BRANDED HIM A TROUBLEMAKER AND EXILED HIM TO ONE OBSCURE STATION AFTER ANOTHER. SUDDENLY THE SILENCE OF HIS VIGIL WAS SHATTERED BY A SECURITY ALARM, SIGNALING A PRIORITY EMERGENCY IN ONE OF THE LEISURE COMPARTMENTS. MOMENTARILY EVERYTHING IS FORGOTTEN... EXCEPT THE CALL OF DUTY AND A SHOTGUN.

FRIDAY—4:50 A.M.

OUTLAND

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY

STERANKO

SAGAN, IT'S MARSHAL O'NIEL! LET THE GIRL GO AND COME OUT! YOU HAVEN'T GONE TOO FAR YET! DON'T HURT THE GIRL, AND WE CAN STILL WORK IT OUT!

MONTONE, FIND WHICH PANEL LEADS TO THE AIR-COOLING DUCT IN THIS ROOM AND CRAWL THROUGH! THEN COVER ME WHEN I RELEASE THE MASTER DOOR LOCK!

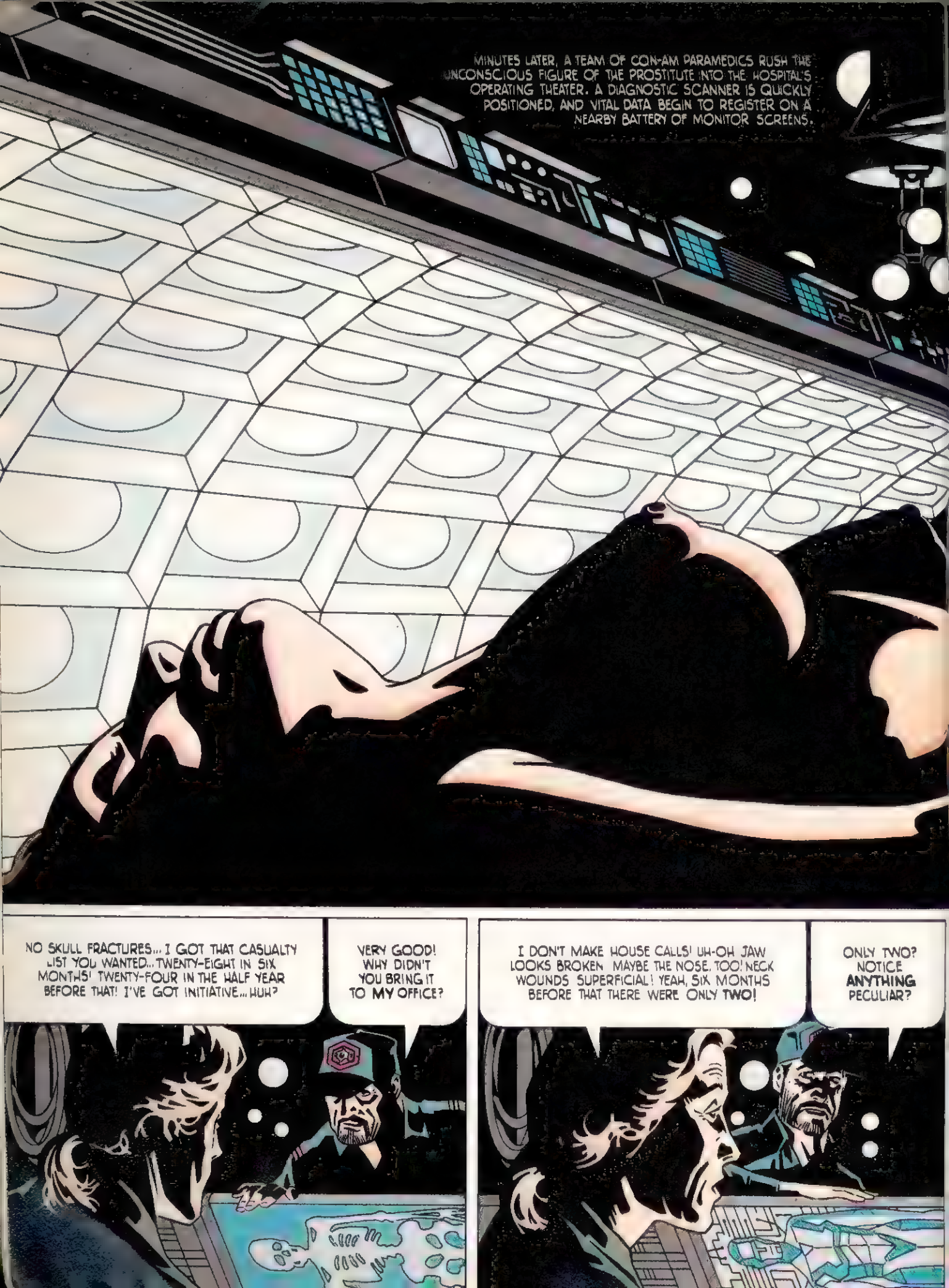
SAGAN, CAN YOU HEAR ME? I'M COUNTING DOWN FROM TEN TO ONE... THEN OPENING THE DOOR SLOWLY! *TEN... NINE... EIGHT...* I WON'T RUSH IN!

SEVEN... SIX... FIVE... YOU HAVE MY WORD, SAGAN! I **WON'T** SHOOT, BUT IF YOU KILL THE GIRL, **I'LL KILL YOU!** *FOUR.. THREE.. TWO..* I'M COMING IN!

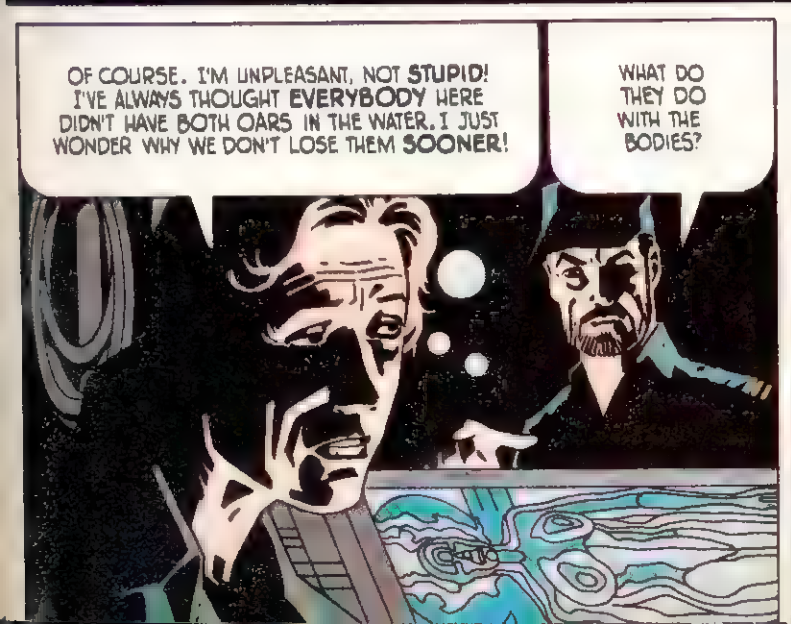
...ONE! THIS IS IT,.. SAGAN!

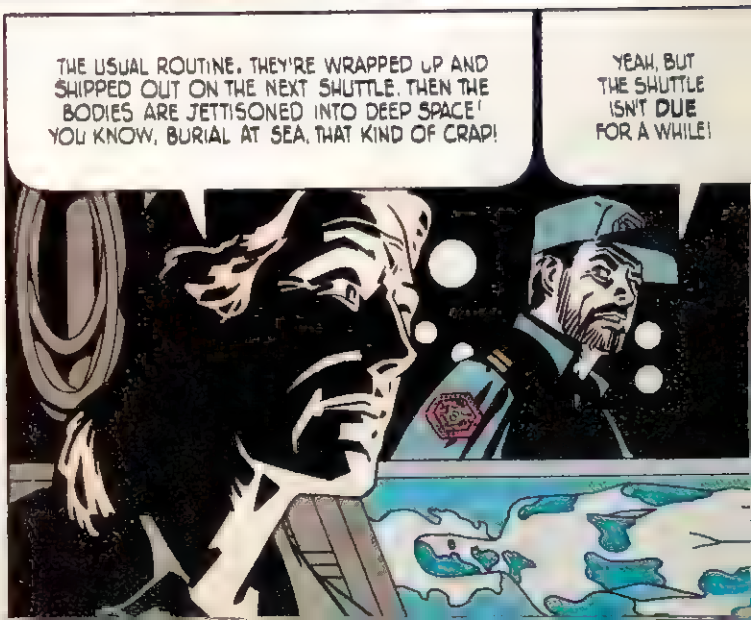
INSIDE THE COMPARTMENT, THE MAN LOOKED LIKE A DEMON. HIS EYES WERE WILD, HIS ACTIONS FRENZIED. SWEAT GLISTENED AND ROLLED PROFUSELY DOWN HIS HARD BODY. THE MARSHAL'S MUFFLED VOICE GAVE WARNING THROUGH THE DOOR, MOMENTARILY HALTING THE BLADE'S DOWNWARD THRUST. A VIDEO MONITOR HUMMED SOFTLY IN THE BACKGROUND, ADDING A DREAMLIKE QUALITY TO A CHAMBER CHOKED WITH MADNESS...
87
ce
a
e
o
only
USE SHIFT CARD TO START
emergency
security
priority
alert
all shift
personnel
ord 22x2061
caution
SHUTTLE IN
5635:47

DON'T COME IN, MARSHAL! SHE'S EVIL, SHE HAS TO DIE! I SWEAR TO GOD, I'LL DO IT ...THE SECOND YOU OPEN THE DOOR, I'LL DO IT!
GODDAMN IT, MONTONE! WHY? WHY?
HE TURNED ON ME! I...I SAW THE KNIFE...
TONE


MINUTES LATER, A TEAM OF CON-AM PARAMEDICS RUSH THE UNCONSCIOUS FIGURE OF THE PROSTITUTE INTO THE HOSPITAL'S OPERATING THEATER. A DIAGNOSTIC SCANNER IS QUICKLY POSITIONED, AND VITAL DATA BEGIN TO REGISTER ON A NEARBY BATTERY OF MONITOR SCREENS.
NO SKULL FRACTURES... I GOT THAT CASUALTY LIST YOU WANTED... TWENTY-EIGHT IN SIX MONTHS! TWENTY-FOUR IN THE HALF YEAR BEFORE THAT! I'VE GOT INITIATIVE... HUH?
VERY GOOD! WHY DIDN'T YOU BRING IT TO MY OFFICE?
I DON'T MAKE HOUSE CALLS! UH-OH JAW LOOKS BROKEN. MAYBE THE NOSE, TOO! NECK WOUNDS SUPERFICIAL! YEAH, SIX MONTHS BEFORE THAT THERE WERE ONLY TWO!
ONLY TWO? NOTICE ANYTHING PECULIAR?

SHE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT?
MAYBE, IF YOU LET ME DO MY JOB! JESUS, WHO DID THIS?
A WORKER! HE WENT NUTS! IT HAPPENS HERE.. REMEMBER?


OF COURSE. I'M UNPLEASANT, NOT STUPID! I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT EVERYBODY HERE DIDN'T HAVE BOTH OARS IN THE WATER. I JUST WONDER WHY WE DON'T LOSE THEM SOONER!
WHAT DO THEY DO WITH THE BODIES?


THE USUAL ROUTINE. THEY'RE WRAPPED UP AND SHIPPED OUT ON THE NEXT SHUTTLE. THEN THE BODIES ARE JETTISONED INTO DEEP SPACE! YOU KNOW, BURIAL AT SEA, THAT KIND OF CRAP!
YEAH, BUT THE SHUTTLE ISN'T DUE FOR A WHILE!

FRIDAY—7 O' A.M.

THE FREIGHT DOCK IS DESERTED. HOPPER CARS REST AT THE END OF RAIL SPURS. HUGE CRANES HANG MOTIONLESS. ANOTHER ORE LOAD ISN'T DUE UNTIL THE NEXT SHIFT. TV SCANNERS KEEP WATCH, MINIMIZING PERSONNEL. THE ONLY SIGN OF LIFE IS A FIGURE MOVING SILENTLY FROM SHADOW TO SHADOW, CHECKING CONTAINERS MARKED FOR SHUTTLE HANDLING. LOCATING THE OBJECT OF HIS SEARCH, O'NIEL HEFTS THE MYLAR BODYBAG TO THE FLOOR AND ZIPS IT OPEN. HE PULLS A SMALL SYRINGE FROM A KIT AND TAKES SEVERAL DEEP BREATHS BEFORE DRIVING THE NEEDLE INTO THE CORPSE'S NECK. A THICK, DARK FLUID FILLS THE TUBE.

13 STATION 58 LANDING ZONE

SILO 1 SILO 2 SILO 3 SILO 4 SILO 5

TWELVE MINUTES LATER, IN THE NEAR-EMPTY HOSPITAL AREA, DR. LAZARUS PUTS THE BLOOD SAMPLE THROUGH A CHEMICAL ANALYZER....

HOW LONG WILL THIS TAKE...? ARE YOU KIDDING? I'M NOT ONE OF YOUR MEDICAL ALL-STARS. COMPANY DOCTORS ARE LIKE SHIP'S DOCTORS... ONE SHUTTLE AHEAD OF A MALPRACTICE SUIT!

HEY, THIS BLOOD IS FROM A DEAD PERSON! SAGAN, HUH? NO TRACE ALCOHOL, NO NICOTINE! SOME TRANQUILIZERS, STANDARD ISSUE! SUCH A SMART PIECE OF EQUIPMENT, AND A **WRECK** LIKE ME TO RUN IT!

WAIT A MINUTE! I'VE GOT IT! IT'S A DRUG, AMPHETAMINE, POLYDYCHLORIC EUTHIMAL! IT'S THE STRONGEST THING YOU EVER SAW! IT MAKES YOU FEEL WONDERFUL, EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE WORKING LIKE A **HORSE**!

TL TM TR

COMPUTER: ONES OPEN

ALL FACTOR ANALYSIS

SUBSTANCE COMPUTED

ALL CODES APPLY 8 TO 1

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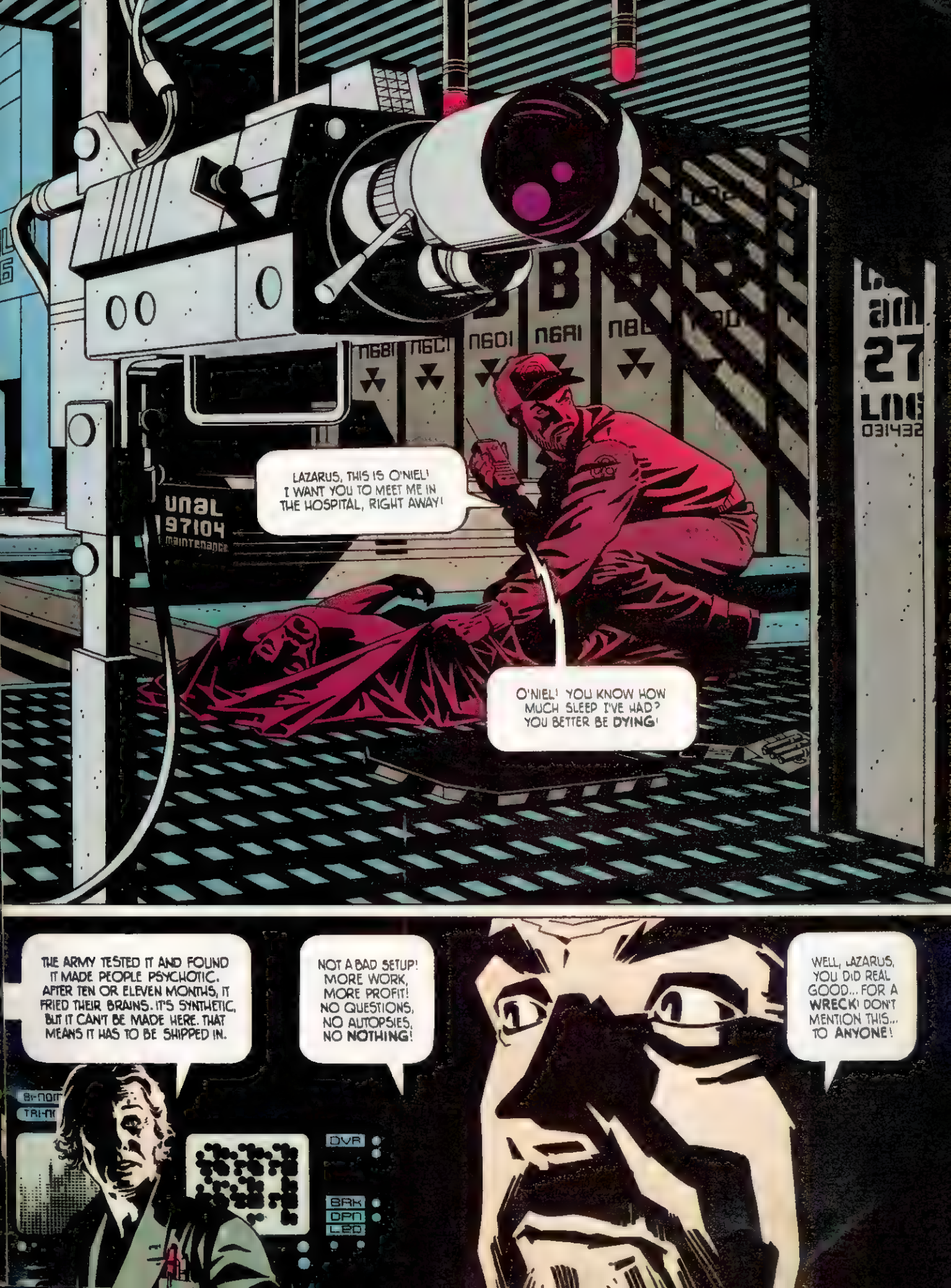
LOCK REF OVR

READ

1 2 3 4 5 6 8

C S B


LAZARUS, THIS IS O'NIEL! I WANT YOU TO MEET ME IN THE HOSPITAL, RIGHT AWAY!
O'NIEL! YOU KNOW HOW MUCH SLEEP I'VE HAD? YOU BETTER BE DYING!
THE ARMY TESTED IT AND FOUND IT MADE PEOPLE PSYCHOTIC. AFTER TEN OR ELEVEN MONTHS, IT FRIED THEIR BRAINS. IT'S SYNTHETIC, BUT IT CAN'T BE MADE HERE. THAT MEANS IT HAS TO BE SHIPPED IN.
NOT A BAD SETUP! MORE WORK, MORE PROFIT! NO QUESTIONS, NO AUTOPSIES, NO NOTHING!
WELL, LAZARUS, YOU DID REAL GOOD... FOR A WRECK! DON'T MENTION THIS... TO ANYONE!
DVR
BRK
DPN
LED

FRIDAY– 11:15 A.M.
THE SECURITY OFFICE'S COMPUTER AND MONITORING ROOM...O'NIEL BEGINS THE TEDIOUS PROCESS OF FEEDING HIS QUESTIONS INTO THE CON-AM MEMORY BANKS...
O'NIEL
PROCEED
O'NIEL, W.T. CONFIDENTIAL QUERY. SCRAMBLE SECURITY PRIORITY DEPARTMENT HEADS WHO HAVE WORKED ON IO FOR MORE THAN A ONE-YEAR TERM?
COOPER, F. ADMINISTRATION
MONTONE, K. SECURITY
LAZARUS, M. MEDICAL
SELWAY, M. FOOD SERVICES
LATER THAT NIGHT IN THE CON-AM 27 LOUNGE, FOUR FIGURES GATHER TO TALK, UNAWARE THEY ARE BEING MONITORED BY SECURITY TV CAMERAS.
MONTONE
YARIO

DEPARTMENT HEADS WITH FULL ACCESS TO ALL AREAS AND PERSONNEL?

ORME, C.
TRANSPORTATION
TRINGHAM, D.
PAYROLL
MONTONE, K.
SECURITY
LAZARUS, M.
MEDICAL
SHEPPARD, M.
ADMINISTRATION
O'NIEL, W.
SECURITY

NUMBER EMPLOYEES WITH CRIMINAL RECORDS?

BREAKDOWN NATURE OF OFFENSES: DRUG-RELATED CRIMES? FULL NAMES?

17 EMPLOYEES WITH CRIMINAL RECORDS.

2 EMPLOYEES WITH DRUG-RELATED OFFENSES.

SPOTA, NICHOLAS P.
LEISURE
YARIO, RUSSELL B.
SHIPPING

NAME OF ADMINISTRATOR WHO APPROVED THEIR EMPLOYMENT AND TERM?

SHEPPARD, M.

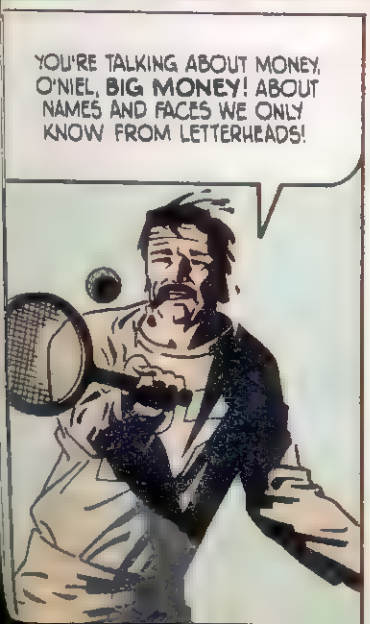
REQUEST AUTOMATIC DISCREET SURVEILLANCE SPOTA, NICHOLAS P. AND YARIO, RUSSELL B.

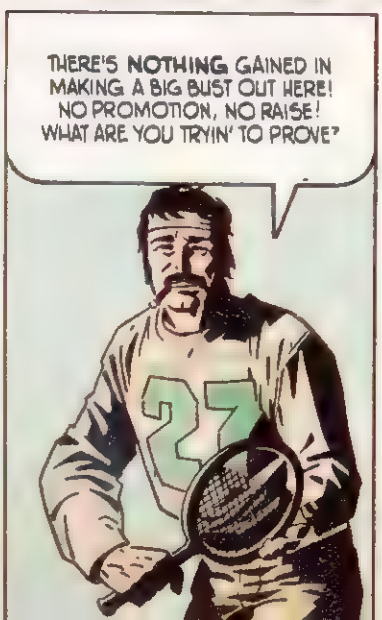
ALL SECURITY CAMERA REPORTS CONFIDENTIAL MY EYES ONLY. W.T. O'NIEL

AFFIRMATIVE FULL-TIME CAMERA SURVEILLANCE SPOTA, NICHOLAS P. AND YARIO, RUSSELL B.

MONITOR IMMEDIATELY END TRANSMISSION

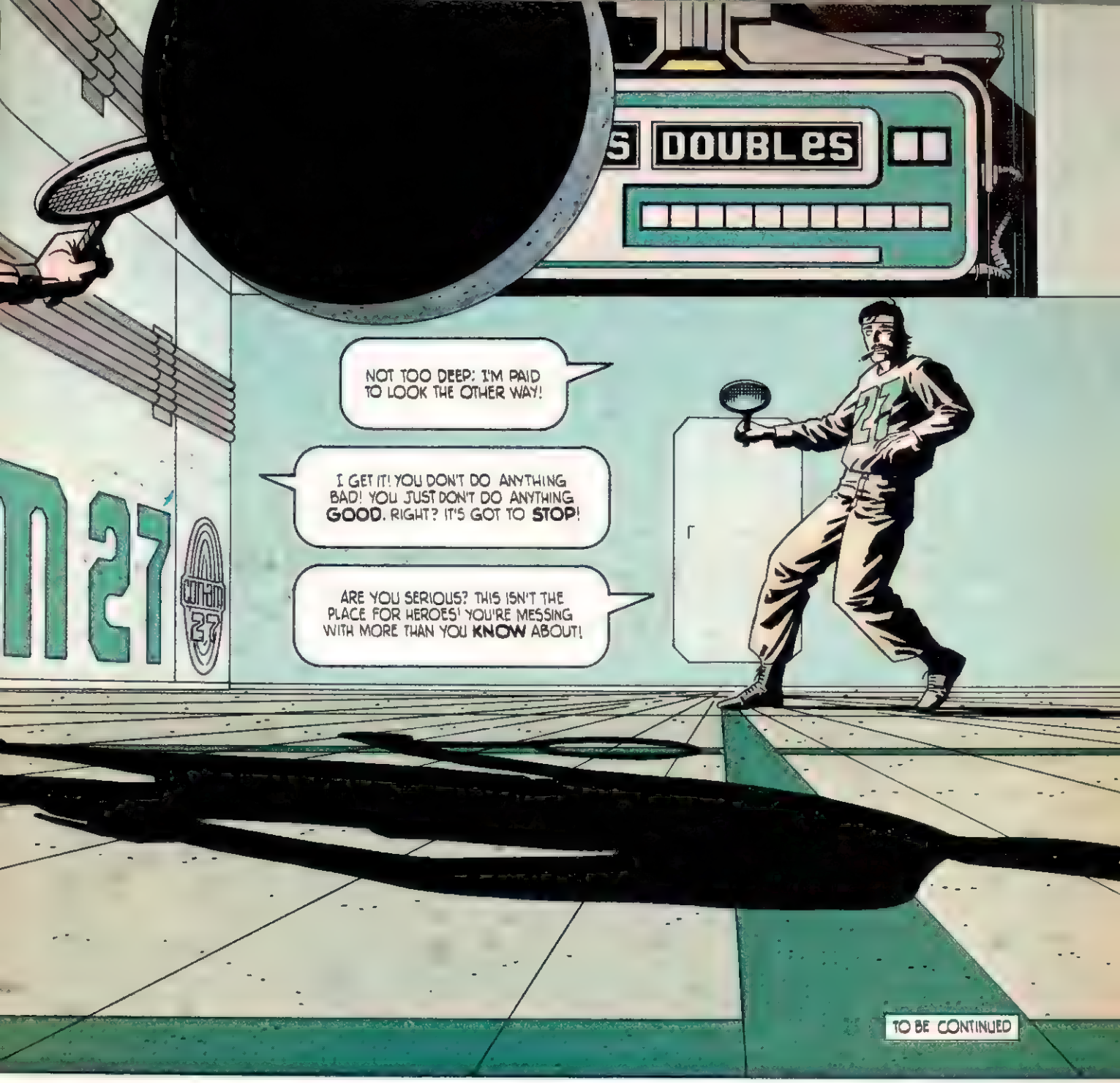
MONDAY–7.00 A.M.
THE BALL CRACKED LIKE A RIFLE SHOT OFF THE BACK WALL OF THE GYMNASIUM COURT, THE LOW ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY INCREASING THE SPEED OF THE GAME. THE OPPONENTS MOVED ERRATICALLY ACROSS THE GLARING EXPANSE, PLAYING THE GAME WITH UNPREDICTABLE VIOLENCE... AS THOUGH THEIR LIVES DEPENDED ON THE OUTCOME.
NINE-SEVEN! HOW ABOUT IT, MONTONE... HOW DEEP ARE YOU IN ALL THIS MESS?
RTS Open
LY TO ALL
PLAYER
FEDERAL SECURITY AGENCY

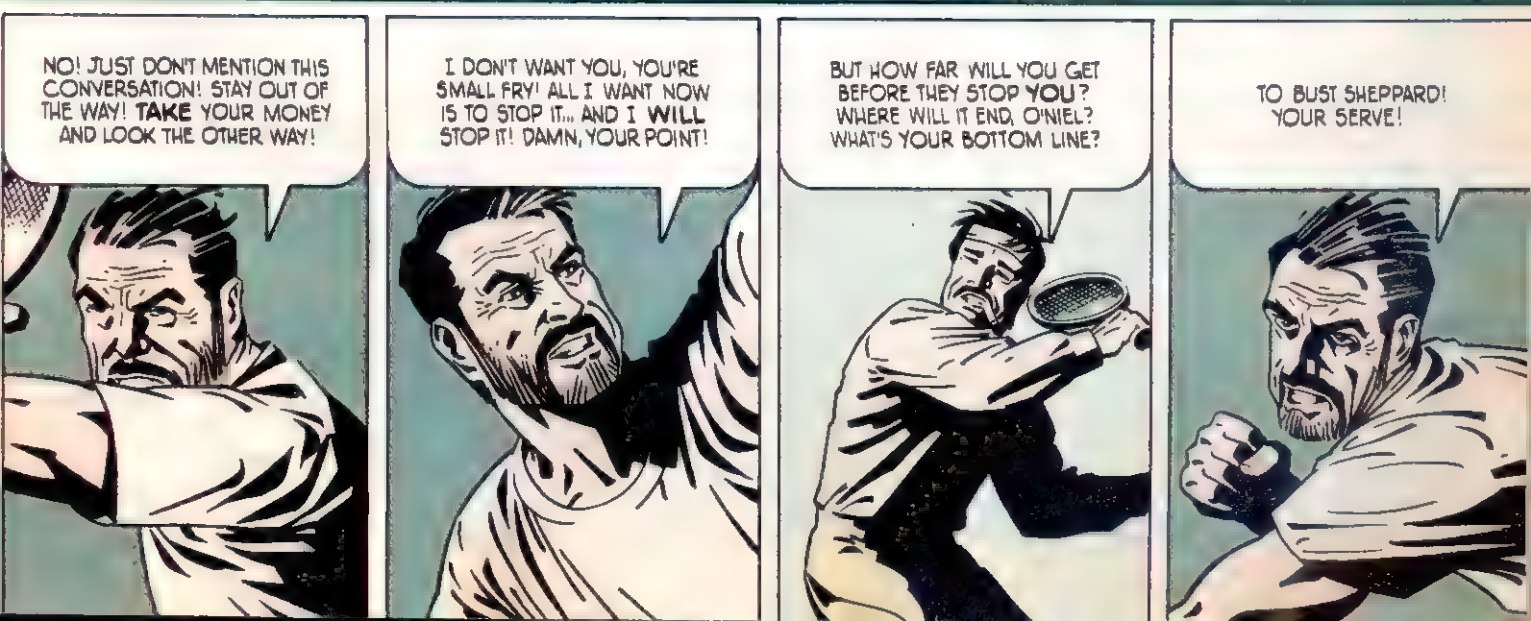

YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT MONEY, O'NIEL, **BIG MONEY**! ABOUT NAMES AND FACES WE ONLY KNOW FROM LETTERHEADS!


THERE'S **NOTHING** GAINED IN MAKING A BIG BUST OUT HERE! NO PROMOTION, NO RAISE! WHAT ARE YOU TRYIN' TO PROVE?
27

I GAVE UP TRYING TO **PROVE** ANYTHING A LONG TIME AGO, BUT THE STUFF THEY'RE SELLING IS KILLING PEOPLE! I'LL STOP IT!

NOT A CHANCE! ANYWAY, JUST WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT ME? YOU WANT ME TO RESIGN? MY POINT!


DOUBLES
NOT TOO DEEP: I'M PAID TO LOOK THE OTHER WAY!
I GET IT! YOU DON'T DO ANYTHING BAD! YOU JUST DON'T DO ANYTHING GOOD. RIGHT? IT'S GOT TO STOP!
ARE YOU SERIOUS? THIS ISN'T THE PLACE FOR HEROES! YOU'RE MESSING WITH MORE THAN YOU KNOW ABOUT!
TO BE CONTINUED


NO! JUST DON'T MENTION THIS CONVERSATION! STAY OUT OF THE WAY! TAKE YOUR MONEY AND LOOK THE OTHER WAY!
I DON'T WANT YOU, YOU'RE SMALL FRY! ALL I WANT NOW IS TO STOP IT... AND I WILL STOP IT! DAMN, YOUR POINT!
BUT HOW FAR WILL YOU GET BEFORE THEY STOP YOU? WHERE WILL IT END, O'NIEL? WHAT'S YOUR BOTTOM LINE?
TO BUST SHEPPARD! YOUR SERVE!

Photograph William Coupon

John Cale: master of angry rock

Rock without tension is like sex without the biting and scratching. Though momentarily satisfying, both feel incomplete in their denial of human nature's fundamental animalism, like turning a deaf ear to the screams for release. Simply, rock is a purgative; a channel through which cranked-up teenagers vent their unhealthy violent impulses, instead of pistol-whipping old ladies or drowning slow-moving alley cats. Mathematically speaking, rock equals anger pump-primed to the threshold of critical mass, precariously edge balanced with vast energy outlay.

But anger accounts for only one small portion of the emotional spectrum, and music that restricts itself there approaches tedium. The Jam's fifth album, *Sound Affects* (Polydor), while not boring, focuses itself too narrowly to project any real emotional depth. Songwriter Paul Weller, a rigid traditionalist, continues to explore modern life's frustrations in his lyrics, setting them against a tensely unyielding backdrop of English Invasion pop (early Who and Kinks, specifically).

In contrast to Weller, the Who's Peter Townshend (his acknowledged model) demonstrates on *Face Dances* (Warner Bros.) that he can still orchestrate in a masterly way the forces of anger and sensitivity, after more than a dozen albums and fifteen years at the job. While no masterpiece, *Face Dances* brings the Who further into the ambiguous territory of mid-life rock, remaining relevant through graceful aging and firmer melodic control.

Tradition tells us that rock's youthful element sustains that fierce edge of anger. England's Killing Joke and New York's Circus Mort are a pair that thrive on the tension between abrasiveness and exhilaration. On their debut LP (Editions EG), Killing Joke mix an almost heavy-metal, wall-of-sound guitar with sadistic drumming and singing of the word-spitting school. Though sluggish in spots, the album compensates with a gleeful dirtiness and some swell sound tricks. Circus Mort's first EP (on Labor) attacks from a more brutal and intensely personal point of view. Propelled by explosively busy drumming, the band fuses Wire's burning intensity with a light overlay of early Pink Floyd psychedelicisms. Nakedly painful and bristling with jagged edges, Circus Mort leaps into emotionally savaging their audience with total commitment—a true rarity.

Last year's emotional terrorists and philosophical rebels seem quite eager to cede that territory to their successors. Public Image Ltd.'s third LP, *The Flowers Of Romance* (Warner Bros.), backs up front man John Lydon's claim that PIL are *not* a rock band. But old Johnny is still the angriest little bugger on earth, wailing like an adenoidal chicken above the most minimal accompaniment this side of the Niger River. Ex-guitarist Keith Levene has assumed a new role as decorative noisemaker, while drummer Martin Atkins (since ejected) thunders as if his life depended on it (or maybe his job). Over in the obsessively philosophical corner, Gang Of Four invest their second album, *Solid Gold* (Warner Bros.), with a touch less kinetic excitement than their first, and more pervasive feelings of melancholy. Their music, however, remains compelling, riveting itself around a gut-level, rhythmic hypnosis slashed with a sabre-toothed guitar.

John Cale, a survivor from quite another Thunder-Lizard era, proves with *Honi Soit* (A&M) that some guys *never* lose it. This is unquestionably his best piece of vinyl in six years (since *Slow Dazzle*), helped by a band that finally matches his power and understands what he's about (a recent show at NYC's Ritz was an absolute killer). Cale's advantage is that he's a certified wildman, using rock as a redemptive elixir to liberate his psyche from the grip of a crippling frustration.

The Stranglers, on the other hand, have apparently lost most of their urgency, after making a showpiece of their nastiness for years. It's no major loss (that game was getting tiresome anyway)—especially when stuff like their newie, *The Gospel According To The Meninblack* (Stiff), is the result. With their melodic knack intact, the Stranglers construct a curiously passive LP of ditties about UFO contact and its implications. Though lacking the edge, the difference is made up by a new depth of mood and a bit of humor. As each of these bands proves, it's not unfocused rebellion that matters in rock—it's control of that impulse and what it becomes.

—Lou Stathis

From the festering tar pit that swallowed *Punk* magazine comes *Comical Funnies*, a new, bimonthly tabloid dedicated to the Mongoloid Humor Aesthetic. Ex-*Punk* Grand Wazoo John Holmstrom returns to tickle the guffaw glands of dumb-yok devotees with his broadly exaggerated, moronic style—one of the few mid-seventies alternatives to the stagnant underground-comic scene. Aided by Peter Bagge, Bruce Carleton, Ken Weiner, and others of equally distinctive penmanship and dubious sanity, Holmstrom and crew serve up such tasty morsels as "Idols of Food Rock," "Soviet Work Camp Funnies," and "The Three Stooges of Death" (martial arts for the brain-damaged). No subscriptions right now, so check newsstands and comics stores, or send three bucks to: Box 711, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10013, for the three already published issues. And while y're at it, look for the *D.O.A. Official Film Book (Punk Special Edition #1)*; cost is three bills, and featured is the same gang of idiots (to paraphrase another mag).

—Lou Stathis

De-Hugoed

You'd think that dedicated science-fiction fans would have a little more imagination than, say, readers of nurse novels, but around this time each year they publicly prove they don't. The annual Hugo Awards are voted by sf readers who have joined the World Science Fiction Convention, and this year's nominees live up to a long tradition of mediocrity.

Lord Valentine's Castle is on the ballot—a cynical attempt by Robert Silverberg to produce a dull, safe, lucrative fantasy novel to pay off his personal debts. He sold it for $100,000; Harper and Row—the ones who bought it—have lost more than $50,000 on it, but the fans who vote for Hugos still seem to think it could be a winner.

Wizard, by John Varley, is less cynical but just as dull—the lengthy adventures of people trapped in a big alien *thing*, proving once again that Varley has no sympathy or understanding for real people and no interest in his own environment or its future. Varley invented the world of *Wizard* in an earlier novel, *Titan*. He liked it so much that he decided to stay in it for a while longer. A fitting end for this overpraised poseur of the Me Decade.

The Ringworld Engineers, by Larry Niven, is also a sequel—to (what else?) *Ringworld*. Niven proves that it's a safe bet to go back and re-use a successful old idea at a time when readers would rather not be startled by something new. His alien creatures are awful cute, though.

The Snow Queen, by Joan Vinge, is a delightful fantasy, if you like delightful fantasies, and it's prettily written, if you like pretty writing. However, if you're looking for something to challenge either the intellect or the spirit, look elsewhere.

Beyond the Blue Event Horizon, by Frederik Pohl (yet another sequel, to Pohl's *Gateway*), rounds off the list of the obvious and the boring. That one of these will become "best science-fiction novel of the year" is an indictment not of science fiction but of the people who read it and vote for the award. Be warned—avoid any book with "Hugo Award Winner" plastered across its cover.

—Ralph T. Castle

Quick Takes: Surreal Legends

Elvis Presley and the Lone Ranger are American pop legends who pale before their own myth, who now find their lives detailed in two recent films. For those who can't hightail it to Memphis for the fourth annual Elvis resurrection rites, the mystique of the Pelvis prepacks on with the lurid docudrama and soundtrack *This Is Elvis*. Its pseudo-intellectual message: Presley's genius at communicating the dream of being rich and famous is the stuff of his and our Great American Tragedy. In America, rock-and-roll megastars (John Lennon, Elvis Presley, Jimi Hendrix) never die; they turn into growth industries.

As an unconscious chronicle of mores and fashions of the last three decades, *This Is Elvis* thrills. Old Swivel Lips and Hips was a sexual liberator long before the Pill, not to mention the first fabulous white black-sounding crooner to forge the now emasculated pop/rock song formula of country, gospel, and rhythm and blues. Even bloated in his Sun King Las Vegas jumpsuit right before he died, the king never lost the power of his voice or the tidal wave of his personality.

Like *Excalibur*, *The Legend of the Lone Ranger* purports to retell the true background and adventures of Tonto and the Lone Ranger—childhood blood brothers before they became a camp radio and golden-age-TV serial. Instead, the sterling symbols of purity and justice just look like klutzes in a Schaeffer "circle of champions" commercial. The yarn fails to divulge the legend of the virtuous man behind the Halloween goggles. Seems the silver-bullet kid's claim to fame was rescuing a kidnapped President U. S. Grant, who rewarded him with a promise to try to honor U.S. treaties with the Indians. Believe that and the good tooth fairy is just a shot away. Lenny Bruce's priceless gay-blades routine about the masked man and his faithful Indian companion comes closer to the libido of the buddy-buddy folk heroes than this tale of two stooges.

—Daphne Davis

TECHNO-CIZE

Don't let the implication of the title fool you: unless Bantam has a team of genetic engineers working on a germ that would make techno/guilt fatal, you will probably not die from neglecting to read *The Techno/Peasant Survival Manual* (Bantam Books, 1980, $8.95). On the other hand, if you're looking for *A Concise History of the Technology Explosion for English Majors Who Want to Bluff Their Way Through Cocktail Parties with Scientists, or How I Learned to Be a Techno/Phony*, this is a fast and untraumatic way to pick up the requisite background and vocabulary.

—Charles M. Young

As the ALIENS Bop

Late one evening in a West Side Manhattan New Wave haven, Peppermint Lounge, while slinging discs in a wild fury, I heard the usual knock on my booth's window. Expecting to see the common face of a request, I was confronted with a sight I would remember for the rest of my life. Standing there in front of me, a tall, shining woman with metallic flesh and dark, commanding eyes asked me for tunes to send her crew spinning. Here's what I played.

1) "Scary Monsters" - David Bowie (RCA)
2) "Another Girl, Another Planet" - The Only Ones (Columbia)
3) "Sex Computer" - Artefact (Celluloid)
4) "Out of Limits" - The Marketts
5) "Nightclubbing" - Iggy Pop (Arista)
6) "Astral Plane" - Modern Lovers (Beserkley Elektra/Warner Bros.)
7) "The Cars That Ate New York" - Midnite Rags (Velvet Moon)
8) "Green Onions" - Booker T. and The M.G.'s (Stax)
9) "Walking on the Surface of the Moon" - Wreckless Eric (Stiff)
10) "Going Up" - Echo and the Bunnymen (Sire)

—David Azarc

"YOU'RE ALL CRAZY"

That's what the publishers of comic books in the late Sixties were saying. "You can't sell comic books where one artist does his own writing, inking and lettering," they said. "The public wants assembly-line art. You guys are crazy."

They were right — but after over 1,000,000 underground comix have been sold, it seems like they were only right about the last part. These artists **were** crazy, and countless fans have enjoyed their brand of insanity ever since. Underground comix are alive and well after over a decade of breaking the old rules of cartooning. And they are available, through this offer, in their original form.

You must be 18 to order these outstanding collections of adult comic art.

New, Improved Sex Package. 5 unbelievably unrestrained comix that will set fire to your libido — and tickle your funnybone **$7.50**

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_____New, Improved Sex Package @ $7.50 (KGSEX3)
_____Current Crumb Package @ $6.75 (KGCRUMB2)
_____Comix Funnies Package @ $6.75 (KGFUNNY)
_____Fantasy Comix Package @ $6 25 (KGFANT1)

Please add $1.00 for postage and handling. All checks must be payable within the continental US. (New York State residents, please add 8% sales tax)

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY _____ STATE_____ ZIP _____

Send to: *Heavy Metal* Comix
Dept HM-881
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

SOMETIMES...LOTS OF TIMES...WHEN I'M FEELING **DOWN**, I STRETCH OUT AND TRY TO **RELAX.** THEN I WALK AROUND THE HOUSE AWHILE UNTIL I FIND MYSELF IN THE **GARAGE.** AFTER THAT, IT'S PRETTY EASY TO REV UP THE OLD CAR—NEVER THE NEW ONE—AND DRIVE OVER TO SEE...

martelaine

MARTELAINE!

MARTELAINE ISN'T REAL. THAT IS, HER ACTUAL NAME IS MARTHA ELAINE WARNER.

SHE STARTED CALLING HERSELF MARTELAINE WHEN SHE WAS JUST A LITTLE KID.

MARTELAINE.

SHE EVEN HAD HERSELF LISTED AS MARTELAINE IN OUR HIGH-SCHOOL YEARBOOK.

MARTELAINE...

ANYWAY, SHE'S **ALWAYS** THERE. THE MOMENT MY CAR TOUCHES HER DRIVEWAY, THE **WARNER HOUSE** SEEMS TO BE **ALIVE** WITH **LIGHTS, MUSIC,** AND SO MANY THINGS THAT YOU WOULDN'T NOTICE FROM THE STREET.

MARTELAINE! I'M HERE! I'M HERE!

THEN MARTELAINE IS IN MY ARMS, GENTLY LAUGHING AND HUGGING AND ANNOUNCING HER OH! SO VERY IMPORTANT NEWS...

I ALMOST GAVE UP ON YOU, YOU KNOW. THE SMOTHERS BROTHERS ARE GONNA BE ON IN FIVE MINUTES. THEN THERE'S "MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE"! DO YOU WANT SOMETHING TO EAT?

©1981·JOHN WORKMAN

WE SIT AND WATCH TELEVISION. I EAT A SANDWICH AND WE SHARE A BOTTLE OF COCA-COLA. MARTELAINE LAUGHS AT THE SMOTHERS BROTHERS AND INSISTS THAT I REFRAIN FROM TALKING DURING THE LONG STRETCHES OF SILENCE ON "MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE."

LESTER FLATT AND EARL SCRUGGS VISIT "THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES" WEDNESDAY NIGHT ON CBS.

...OKAY, TOMMY... SO, ACCORDING TO YOUR THEORY, THE COUNTRY IS BEING RUN BY...

...THE MORONS!

HAHAAA!

HEH! YOU TELL 'EM, TOMMY!

WE ALWAYS SNUGGLE UP DURING DURING THE LATE NEWS AND SHE OFFERS HER OPINIONS ON THE WORLD SITUATION. SHE'S ALWAYS SO OPTIMISTIC.

I THINK BOBBY KENNEDY'S GOING TO MAKE IT. I MEAN... HUMPHREY'S JUST JOHNSON'S SHADOW. HE WON'T END THE WAR. AND "CLEAN GENE" OR NIXON...HAH! BUT BOBBY... HE UNDERSTANDS.

WELL, I DON'T KNOW... IF BOBBY KENNEDY DOESN'T GET THE NOMINATION...FOR SOME REASON... HUMPHREY COULD BE THE BEST MAN. HE JUST MIGHT SURPRISE EVERYONE BY STOPPING THE WAR.

HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT? OF COURSE BOBBY WILL GET THE NOMINATION! WHY WOULDN'T HE? THE PEOPLE OF THIS COUNTRY ARE SICK AND TIRED OF—

MARTELAINE... THIS IS STARTING TO SOUND LIKE SOME KIND OF DEBATE...

MMM...Y'KNOW, I HAD A WONDERFUL TIME IN DEBATE THIS PAST YEAR. AND WHEN I HIT COLLEGE IN THE FALL, I'M GONNA BE THE BEST DEBATER AROUND.

THEN I'M NUTS FOR ARGUING, HUH? OKAY... YOU ARE CORRECT, MISS GREAT DEBATER. BOBBY KENNEDY WILL BE THE NEXT PRESIDENT...AND HE WILL SOLVE ALL OUR PROBLEMS AND ALL THE WORLD WILL BE...JUST... BEAUTIFUL.

CLIK

WELL, NOW THAT THAT'S SETTLED..

SHE'S SO CUTE AND SWEET AND PRETTY... AND HER INNOCENCE IS JUST OVERWHELMING.

DO... DO YOU LOVE ME? REALLY... LOVE ME?

MARTELAINE...

I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU.

AFTERWARD, SHE HUMS SOFTLY TO ME AND TRACES THE LETTERS OF HER NAME ON MY FOREHEAD SO THAT, SHE SAYS, I WILL NEVER FORGET HER. THEN, WITH A START, SHE REMEMBERS...

MY FOLKS! THEY'LL BE BACK FROM THE PARTY ANY MINUTE!

HURRIEDLY I FIND MY CLOTHING. I LISTEN INTENTLY FOR THE SOUND OF HER PARENTS' CAR, THOUGH I KNOW I WON'T HEAR IT.

I LOVE YOU. I WILL LOVE YOU FOREVER. YOU'LL BE BACK...WON'T ...YOU?

YES, MARTELAINE.

GOOD.

THEN I KISS HER, GO OUT TO MY CAR, AND DRIVE AWAY. I NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE.

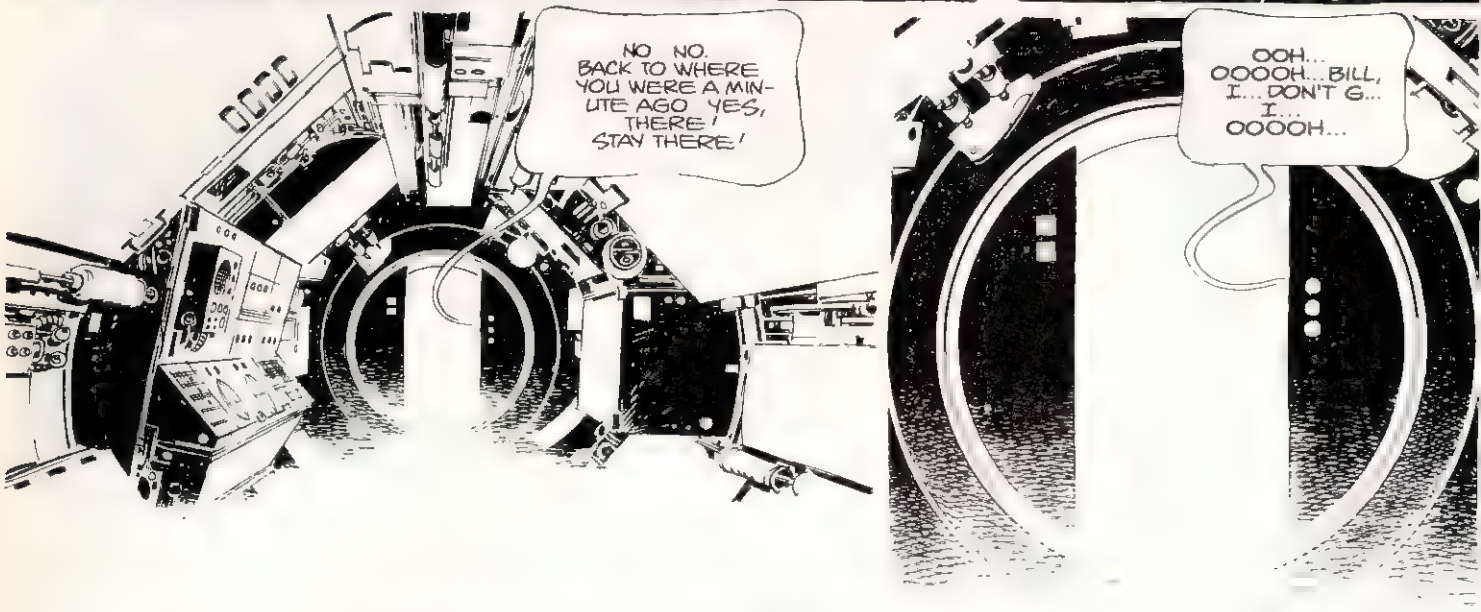
I ALWAYS STOP ABOUT A MILE DOWN THE ROAD. I TAKE THE OLD NEWSPAPER CLIPPING OUT OF MY WALLET AND READ IT UNDER THE GLARE OF THE CAR'S HEADLIGHTS. IT'S TERRIBLE...BEING BACK IN THE REAL WORLD.

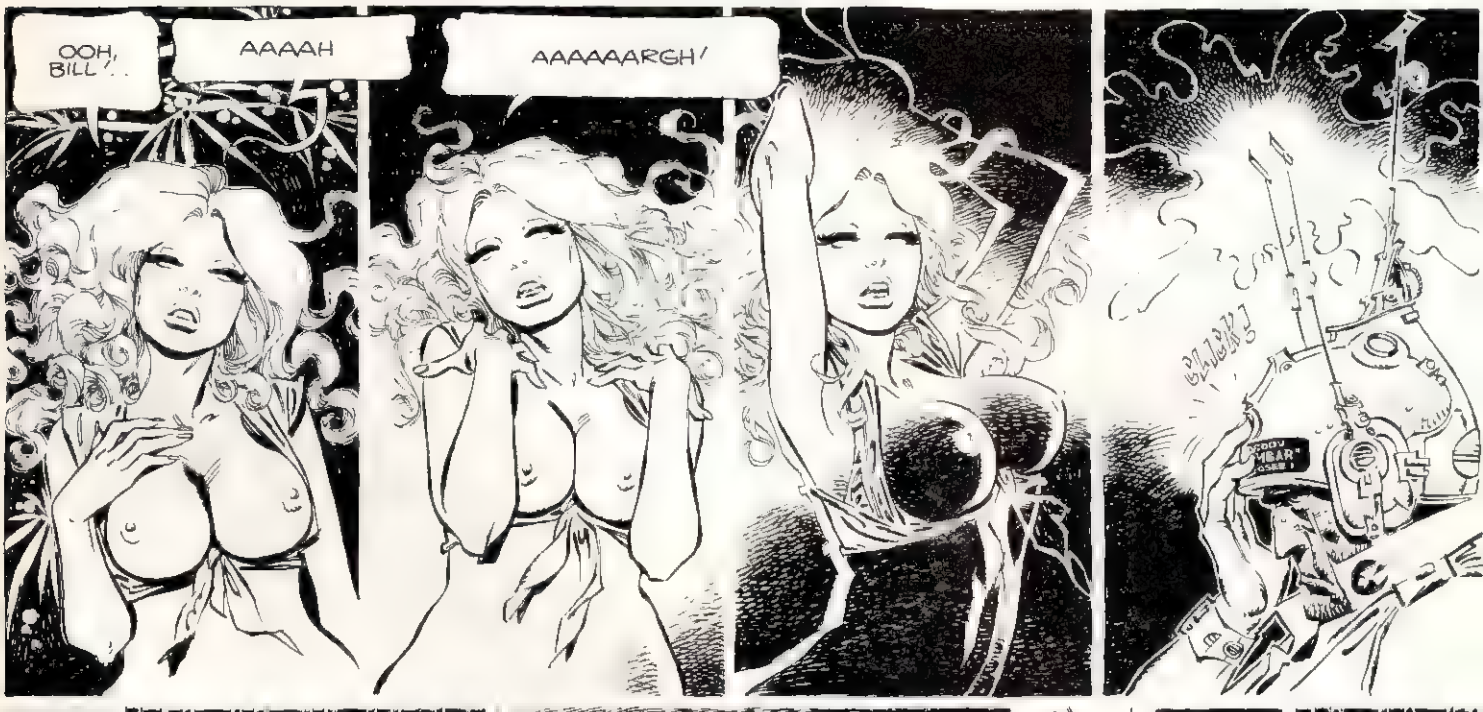
MARTELAINE...

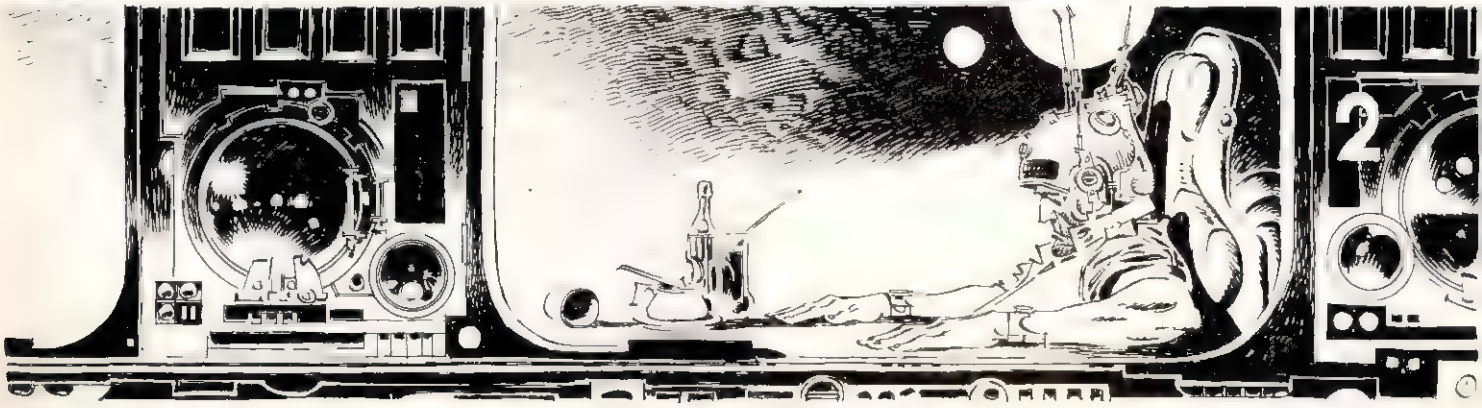
Death Takes Local Girl
September 13, 1968
Martha Elaine Warner, 18, of 611 W. Heron St. died early this morning at Saint Joseph's Hospital. The young daughter of George and Cynthia Warner, Martha had recently graduated from Weatherwax High School and planned to attend Western Washington State College. She is survived by Marcia Warner, her parents, Solomon and George
Sandy Fred Gord on Sy via Bat dwin heep Lambie George Schwinn Tracy Young Dave
END

PARADISE LOST

MORA / GIMÉNEZ





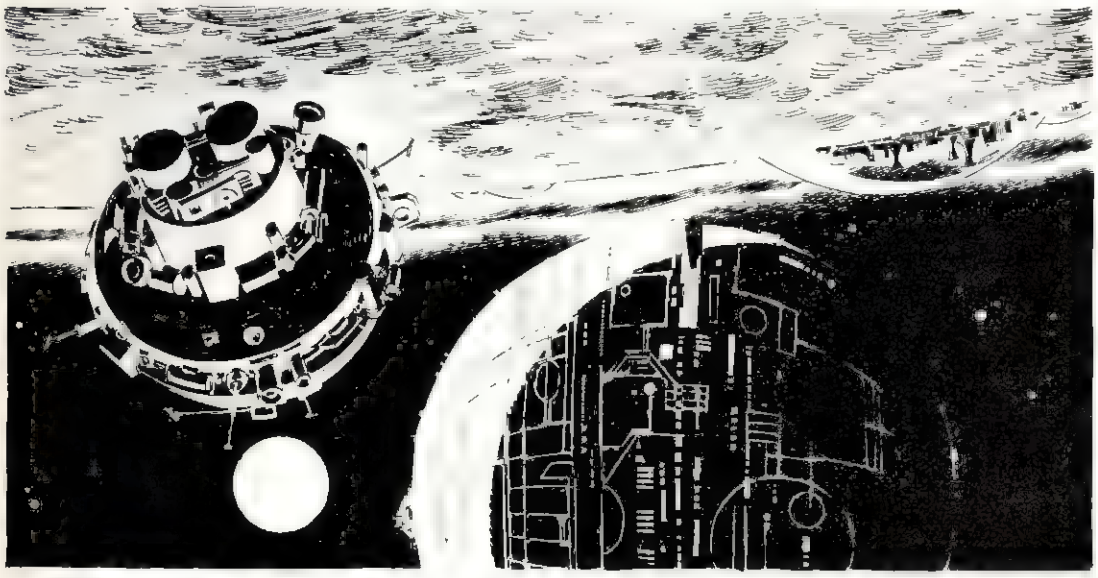


MEMORY HOOD
"RIMEMBAR"
(REGISTERED TRADEMARK)
RRR . FIFTY-EIGHTH SPIRAL ORBIT.. RRR.. ONLY FIFTY-SEVEN SPIRAL ORBITS LEFT... RRR
BZZZZZ BZZZZ BZZ
ZZ:
CLICK
BILL! IT'S ME, ILSE! I WORK WITH THE GOURKS ON POLNOR-GANYMEDE A GUY CAME AND TOLD ME I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THAT YOU VOLUNTEERED FOR THIS MISSION!

THEY'VE TOLD ME EVERYTHING, BILL... WHAT YOU'VE TOLD THEM.. OH, BILL! HOW COULD YOU MAKE SUCH A DECISION?
THEY TELL ME THAT THERE ARE ONLY FIFTY-SEVEN SPIRAL ORBITS LEFT! YOU CAN STILL CHANGE YOUR MIND! YOU CAN STILL LEAVE THE TOW CRAFT!
NO, ILSE.. I'M STAYING... IT'S FUNNY, THOUGH! .. I WAS IN THE PROCESS OF MEMORY-HOODING YOU JUST A MOMENT AGO
OH, BILL!... THEY CAME TO LOOK FOR ME BECAUSE THEY THINK I HAVE SOME INFLUENCE OVER YOU... BUT I TOLD THEM THAT YOU'RE AS STUBBORN AS A KANDAR-MARTIAN MULE!
IT'S NOT A MATTER OF STUBBORNNESS, ILSE... YOU KNOW, I THOUGHT OF LEAVING THE TOW CRAFT WHEN THEY PUT THE AUTOMATIC PILOT IN. BUT ALL OF A SUDDEN I DECIDED TO STAY PUT. I AM TIRED, ILSE, AND I WANT TO END IT ALL
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT? DO YOU RELISH YOURSELF AS THE TRADITIONAL CAPTAIN WHO MUST GO DOWN WITH HIS SHIP? WHAT IS IT WITH YOU?
RR... FIFTY-SEVENTH SPIRAL ORBIT ONLY FIFTY-SIX SPIRAL ORBITS LEFT.. RRR
NO! NOTHING LIKE THAT! I'M TIRED, I TELL YOU OH, ILSE I'M GLAD TO HAVE SEEN YOU IN THE FLESH, INSTEAD OF ON THAT STATIC MEMORY HOOD! IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME, HASN'T IT? FIVE, SIX YEARS? WELL, ILSE, I
WAIT! DON'T GO YET!
I'LL MEET YOU TOMORROW EVENING ON EARTH 2, DOME 6, ZONE 120, DEPARTMENT 7... THERE'S A GREAT CHINESE RESTAURANT THERE!
SOUNDS GOOD, ILSE HA, HA, HA!

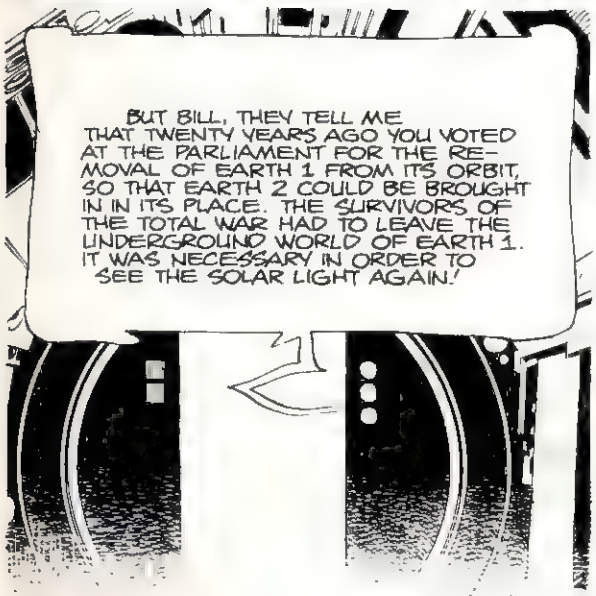
WE'LL STUFF OURSELVES SILLY, AND THEN AFTERWARDS, WE'LL MAKE LOVE BENEATH THE STARRY SKY IN THE WONDERFUL ARTIFICIAL ATMOSPHERE. WE'LL WANDER AMONG THE LICHENS AND MUSHROOMS, MAYBE EVEN EAT A FEW. PLEASE, BILL, DON'T LEAVE ME!
102
JARDINIER - BG30
ZONE - 117
SURE! WE CAN EVEN GO TO ONE OF THOSE ZOOS WHERE THERE ARE ALL THOSE MECHANICAL BIRDS AND ANIMALS, WHO REMIND US OF THOSE THAT USED TO LIVE ON EARTH 1, BEFORE THE TOTAL WAR...
OH, BILL! WE COULD HAVE SO MUCH FUN TOGETHER!
RRR.. FIFTY-SIXTH SPIRAL ORBIT... MORE THAN FIFTY-FIVE SPIRAL ORBITS LEFT.. RRR.

NO THANKS, LITTLE ONE... IT MAKES ME SICK JUST TO THINK OF THE ARTIFICIAL MOON OF EARTH 1! I KNOW THAT EARTH 2 IS ON THE EXACT SPOT WHERE EARTH 1 USED TO BE! WE SEE THE SAME CONSTELLATIONS... WE RECEIVE THE SAME SOLAR LIGHT... AND IT'S BETTER TO LIVE UNDER THOSE DOMES THAN UNDERGROUND, LIKE WE USED TO ON EARTH 1, AFTER THE TOTAL WAR... I KNOW ALL OF THAT.



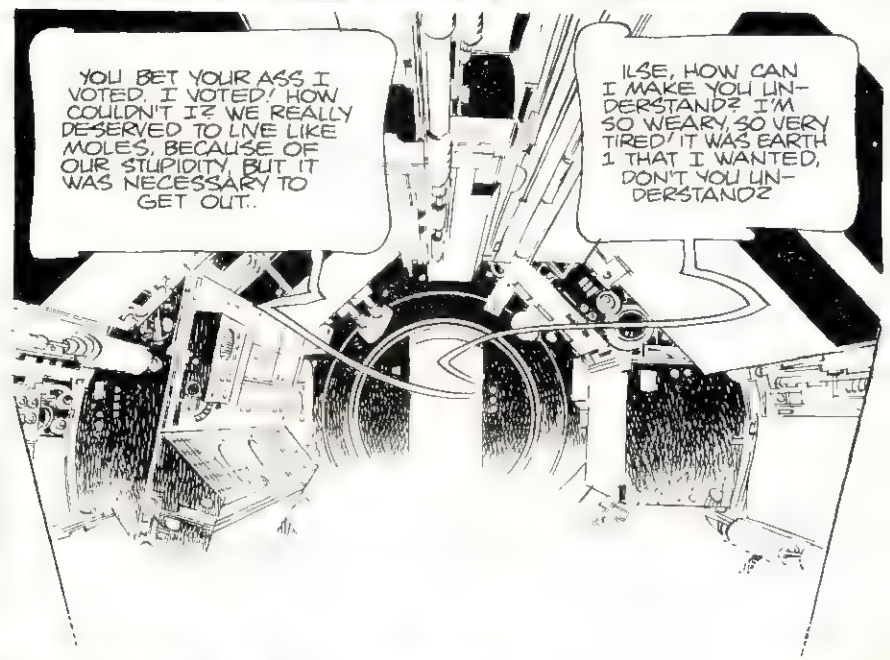
BUT I'M MUCH OLDER THAN YOU. I KNEW EARTH 1 BEFORE THAT FILTH. I SAW REAL TREES, REAL FLOWERS, REAL ANIMALS, AND REAL SEAS..

BUT BILL, THEY TELL ME THAT TWENTY YEARS AGO YOU VOTED AT THE PARLIAMENT FOR THE REMOVAL OF EARTH 1 FROM ITS ORBIT, SO THAT EARTH 2 COULD BE BROUGHT IN IN ITS PLACE. THE SURVIVORS OF THE TOTAL WAR HAD TO LEAVE THE UNDERGROUND WORLD OF EARTH 1. IT WAS NECESSARY IN ORDER TO SEE THE SOLAR LIGHT AGAIN!

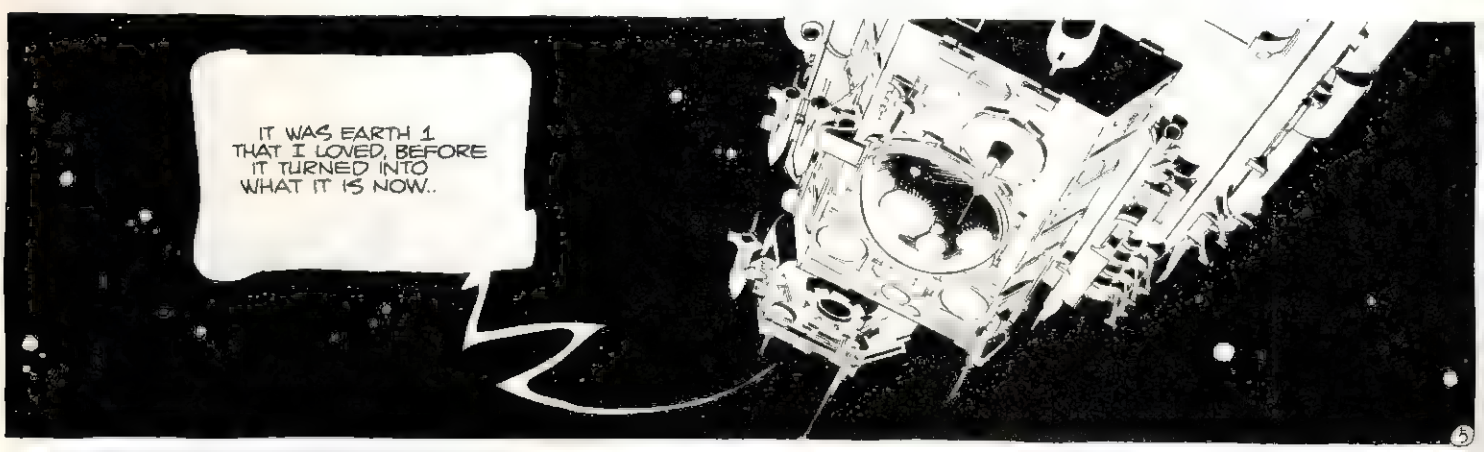


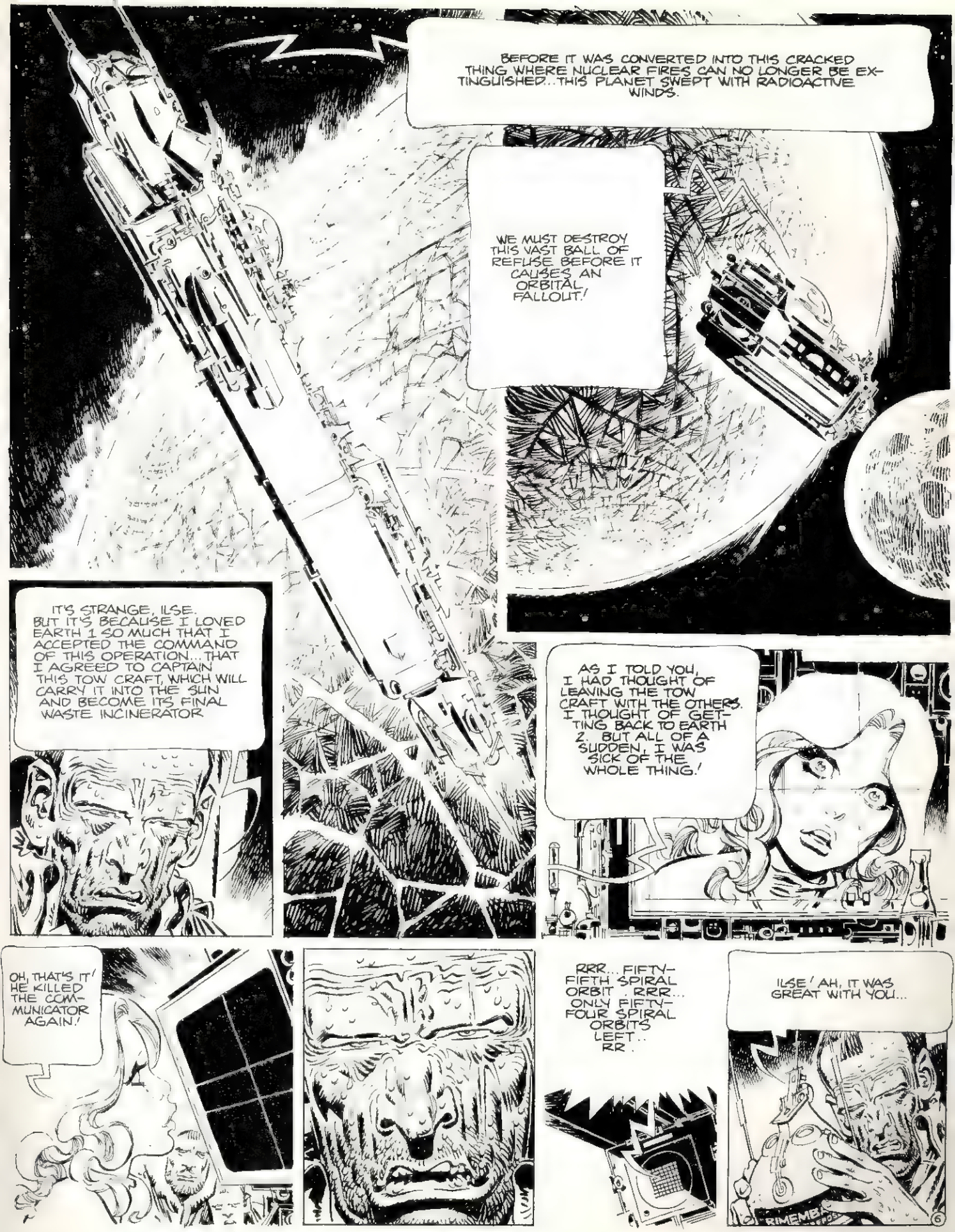
YOU BET YOUR ASS I VOTED. I VOTED! HOW COULDN'T I? WE REALLY DESERVED TO LIVE LIKE MOLES, BECAUSE OF OUR STUPIDITY. BUT IT WAS NECESSARY TO GET OUT..

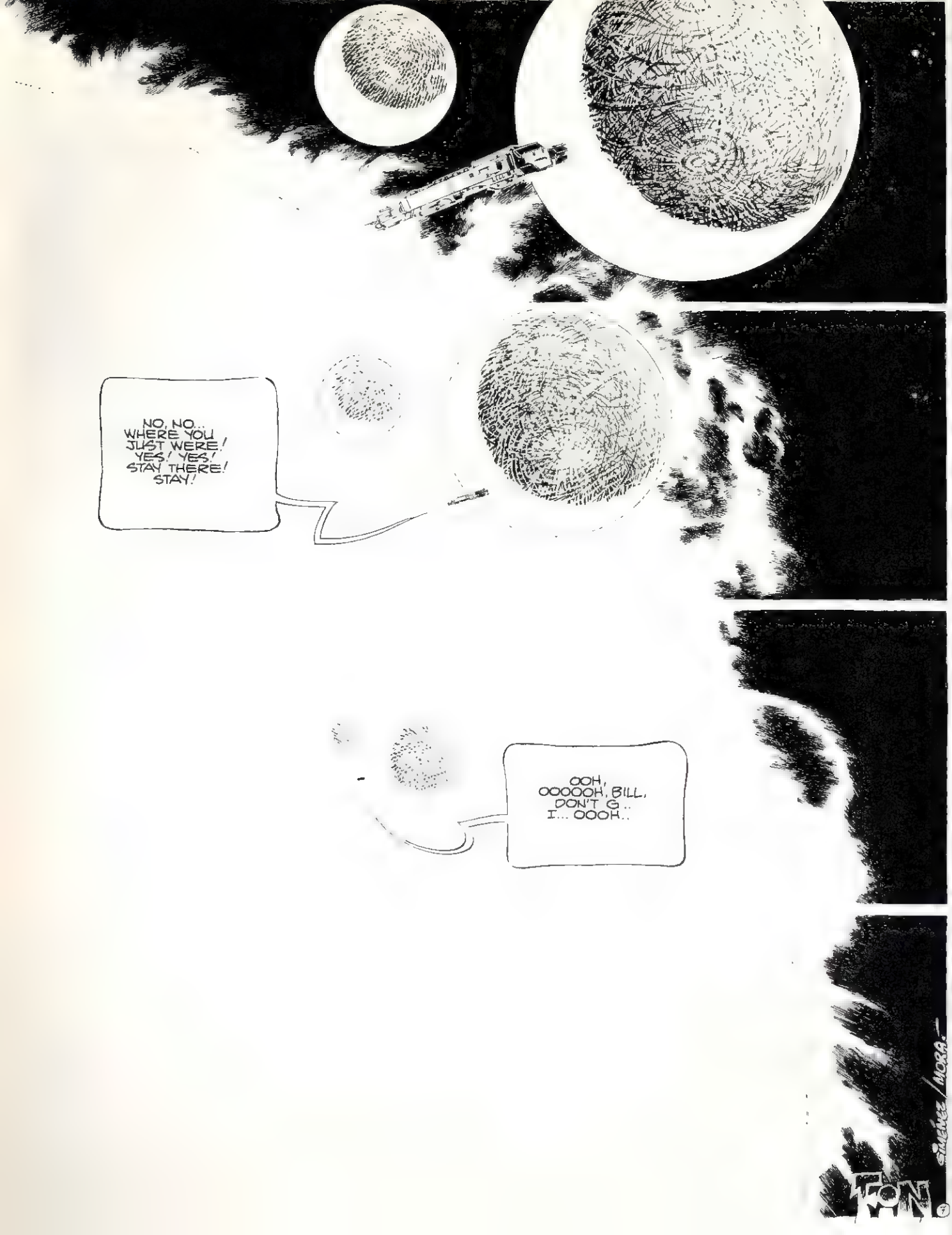
ILSE, HOW CAN I MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND? I'M SO WEARY, SO VERY TIRED! IT WAS EARTH 1 THAT I WANTED, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?



IT WAS EARTH 1 THAT I LOVED, BEFORE IT TURNED INTO WHAT IT IS NOW..




BEFORE IT WAS CONVERTED INTO THIS CRACKED THING WHERE NUCLEAR FIRES CAN NO LONGER BE EXTINGUISHED...THIS PLANET SWEPT WITH RADIOACTIVE WINDS.
WE MUST DESTROY THIS VAST BALL OF REFUSE BEFORE IT CAUSES AN ORBITAL FALLOUT!
IT'S STRANGE, ILSE. BUT IT'S BECAUSE I LOVED EARTH 1 SO MUCH THAT I ACCEPTED THE COMMAND OF THIS OPERATION... THAT I AGREED TO CAPTAIN THIS TOW CRAFT, WHICH WILL CARRY IT INTO THE SUN AND BECOME ITS FINAL WASTE INCINERATOR
AS I TOLD YOU, I HAD THOUGHT OF LEAVING THE TOW CRAFT WITH THE OTHERS. I THOUGHT OF GETTING BACK TO EARTH 2. BUT ALL OF A SUDDEN, I WAS SICK OF THE WHOLE THING!
OH, THAT'S IT! HE KILLED THE COMMUNICATOR AGAIN!
RRR... FIFTY-FIFTH SPIRAL ORBIT. RRR... ONLY FIFTY-FOUR SPIRAL ORBITS LEFT.. RR.
ILSE! AH, IT WAS GREAT WITH YOU...
REMEMBR
6


NO, NO... WHERE YOU JUST WERE! YES! YES! STAY THERE! STAY!
OOH, OOOOOH, BILL, DON'T G.. I... OOOH..
Jiménez / MORA

HEAVY METAL

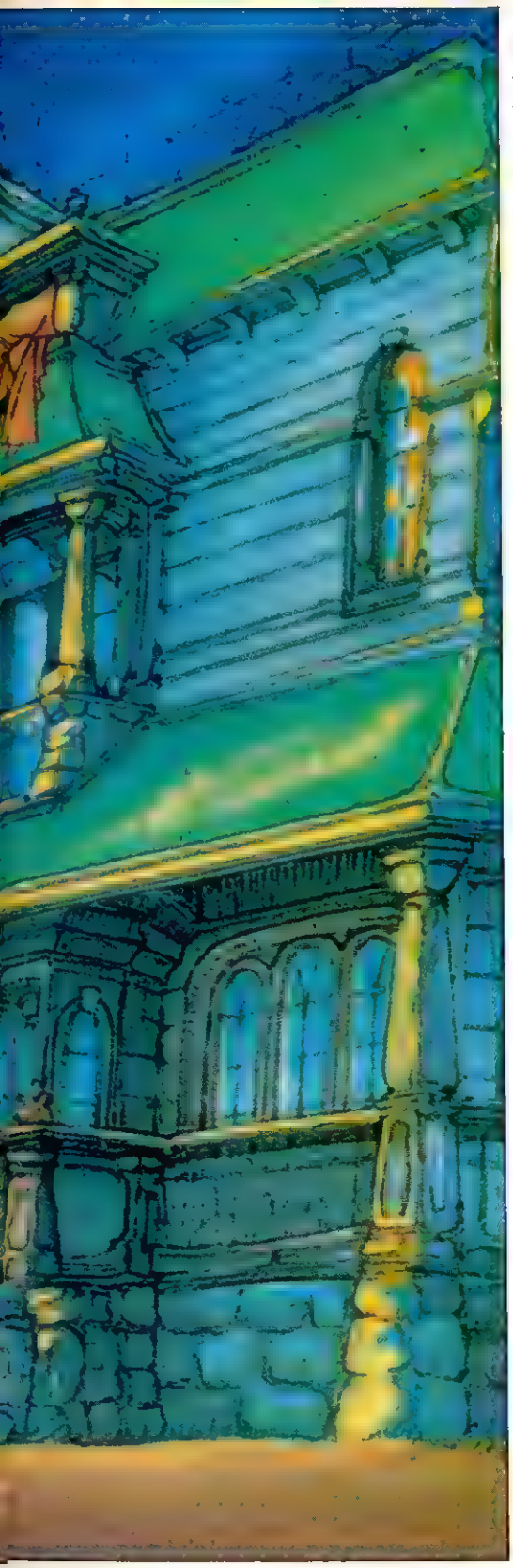
THE MAKING OF THE MOVIE

From the opening sequence, "Soft Landing," as it evolves into "Grimaldi," the connective story element. Grimaldi's house in this preproduction drawing is huge and ornate; in the final version it becomes a simple, claptrap affair to emphasize the illusion of infinity inside.

by Brad Balfour

Take seventy animators from fourteen different countries, guys who have worked on everything from Sylvester the Cat to J. R. R. Tolkien's hobbits. Put them in ten different studios stretching from the West Coast to London, with the nerve center in Montreal, somewhere in between. Give them characters and situations devised by writers who have previously written the highest-grossing Canadian film ever, and a director who has worked with such notables as Buster Keaton and Harold Pinter. Add to this already inspired mix astounding graphics and design sketches by some of the world's hottest fantasy-art geniuses, artists loved and respected worldwide. Don't forget a producer who at twenty-seven started raking in bundles in Canada because he produced a young horror-film maker's surprisingly good and profitable ideas, and later coproduced the eleventh-highest-grossing film ever.

Finally, base this on a magazine of illustrated science-fiction and fantasy stories, material of international renown, whose contents are reviewed in major French news-



papers on a par with the way high art is covered, and whose illustrators include artists from Japan to the Netherlands. Take it all to Columbia Pictures, who distributed one of the finest science-fiction films in years, Close Encounters of the Third Kind, *where the executives on the Burbank lot say, "This whole package is so fantastic, let's make it our big film for the summer's end."*

I'm talkin' about Heavy Metal—*the movie; talkin' about* Heavy Metal—*the magazine.*

And it was like something from a dream—the spirit of fate or the force of coincidence at work—that while publisher Len Mogel was in Paris negotiating rights with a small French publisher to produce a French version of *National Lampoon*, his wife, Ann, picked up a copy of their new magazine, *Metal Hurlant*. Both the Mogels were enthralled with its contents—illustrated science fiction and fantasy for adults laced with a strong dose of the absurd, drawn like fine art.

Mogel was determined to publish an English-language magazine presenting this new artistic concept, and he quickly won over his colleagues. *Heavy Metal* began publication in April 1977.

Mogel and crew found that after a mere five issues premiered, *Heavy Metal* quickly garnered over 100,000 readers. It was then that they knew they had something remarkable in hand. A year later—with the phenomenal success of Matty Simmons and Ivan Reitman's *National Lampoon's Animal House* as inspiration—the dream of a *Heavy Metal* movie took form.

The connection between comics and cinema is a natural one. Both deal in illusion, in actualized fantasy. Continuity of image and simple storytelling separate the successful story, told either in panel-art form or on celluloid, from the mediocre. The telling of a story through connected image and dialogue has been attempted since the first caveman painted sequential images on stone. Film is merely the execution of that idea in a modern way. As for the conjunction of comics and animation—well, what else could there be? Drawn images on a screen—drawn images on a page.

The *Heavy Metal* movie cried out to be animated. What else could capture the absurdist/dadaist/surrealistic urgings of the mag's original art? Not live action, for then the extraordinary is rendered as the everyday. To keep the material in the realm of the imagined—in the region of mind that can plan out an entire world in sequential drawings—was the only appropriate choice.

Just imagine: a person draws, from nothing but disparate images in the head, a cohesive whole composed of hundreds of little scenes (the longest sequence in *Heavy Metal* consists of 330 scenes) made up of close to 130,000 individual drawings. Finally it's the experience of an audience exchanging belief in the regular world of the photographic for the totally unreal world of the drawn, which then takes on a life of its own. And *Heavy Metal*, the movie, goes even beyond that.

It goes something like this, as one scriptwriter, Len Blum, puts it, "from one universe into another." It opens with the "Soft Landing" sequence, based on art by Thomas Warkentin, from an idea of *Alien* scriptwriter Dan O'Bannon [originally published in the Sept. '79 *Heavy Metal*]. After this *2001: A Space Odyssey*–like prologue, it shifts rather handily into the quasi-mystical "Grimaldi" story—the key linking device between sequences. From this intro we jump into "Den," the adaptation of Richard Corben's brilliantly drawn quintessential hero fiction, which ran during *HM*'s first year. It presented the greatest challenge to bring to the screen. Corben's spectacular color values were carefully maintained in the backgrounds, with bizarre expanses glowing in rich, fluorescent hues. The tale of young Dan's transformation into the hero Den, who's caught in the power struggle between the sorcerer Ard and the queen-priestess, is told with two near-explicit sex scenes amidst lots of solid, hand-to-hand combat.

From these staggering visuals, the film carries us into the galactic court where Captain Sternn is on trial. From comic-artist great Berni Wrightson's original story [published in the June '80 *HM*], Sternn is the ultimate parody of every space-opera villain-hero. Says artist Wrightson, "I've always had trouble writing something serious. So when Captain Sternn grew out of *Star Wars*—I was never an sf fan until I saw it—as a funny adventure, it degenerated into a broad farce. I was also inspired by Warner Bros. cartoons; hence I created his foil character, Hanover Fiste."As the story leaves the conclusion of the trial, it moves into the "Neverwhere" world—master animator Cornelius Cole's personal vision of the history of evil as a basic force in history. Cole's visionary graphics (intricate ball-point renderings of lyric pastels) get most viewers to say, "Holy shit, this stuff is really coming to life!" Says Cole, "You reach a point in animation where you must have the opportunity not to cut corners."

On to "B-17," the first true horror story to be animated, with all the savagery that makes great shockers. Will Eisner–trained film artist Mike Ploog did most of the conceptualizations. His background as a former Marvel Comics "Conan" and "Frankenstein" artist lends greater power to this 1950s E.C. Comics–style terror tale. A favorite of producer Reitman's since he was an E.C. collector as a kid, the story (based on an original idea of O'Bannon's) was given a twist of authenticity. They visited an aviation museum, and one of the last few flyable B-17s was flown in order to record actual sound effects of the plane. Coincidentally, the *HM* animation team includes three WWII bomber crewmen, several licensed pilots, an ex-RAF inductee, and a director who collects aviation memorabilia.

With the following sequence, "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," came the original artist, Angus McKie, who illustrated the serial in *HM*, which later became a book. He directly contributed seventy key background paintings of the most incredible animated sequences ever done. The contrast between McKie's high-tech environments and the three space jockeys (well, two, and one robot) are inspired by Cheech and Chong. There are lots of outer-space drug references and some interstellar sex.

Gimenez's "Harry Canyon" is an original depiction of a world half-familiar—New York City—in an unfamiliar time, 2031. The misadventures of a cynical cab driver caught in the middle of a battle for valuable stolen goods comes right out of a thirties detective story. "We sort of thought of it as an animated variation of Dashiell Hammett's *Maltese Falcon*, starring Humphrey Bogart,"

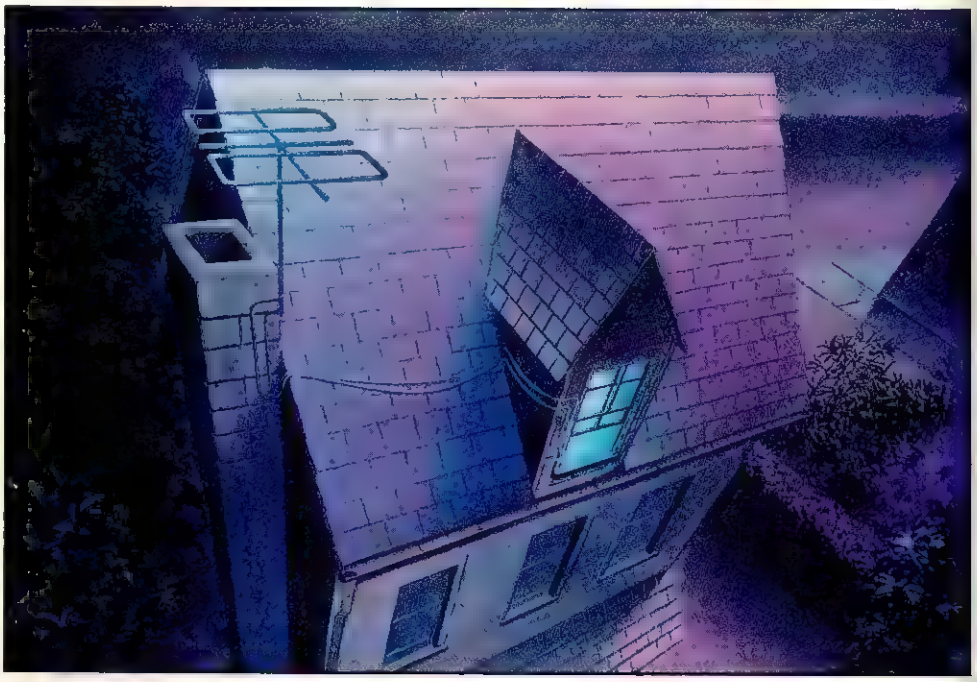
says the other scriptwriter, Dan Goldberg. This New York of the future is everything the current NYC is, only more: there's Times Square with cheap, rip-off churches; a cop station that charges to aid the troubled; a Statue of Liberty no longer in the bay but surrounded by skyscrapers; and a Brooklyn Bridge graced with the sign "Use at your own risk." Ironically, all of this was initially envisioned by the exceptional South American illustrator Juan Giménez, who had never visited New York when he did the subtle drawings. He imagined a New York City unprejudiced by its reality—a reality that he discovered only weeks after his four-month drawing stint in Canada. When brought to New York to visit the *HM* office he saw the Pan Am building and exclaimed, "It really does exist as I saw it!"

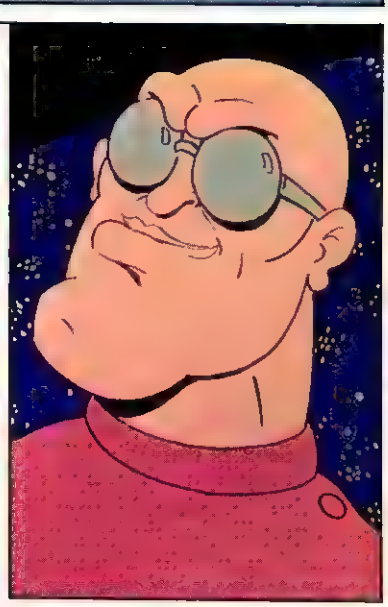
Finally the clincher, the *pièce de résistance*, the grand finale: the twenty-seven-minute-long "Taarna," a sequence which boasts perhaps a dozen lines of dialogue. Without giving away too much, let's say that "Taarna" evokes the sense of wonder that every animation fan, sword-and-sorcery fan, feminist-sf fan, female-anatomy fan, mythology fan, weird-landscape-and-wild-beastie fan, or special-effects fan ever desires. As the sequence director, John Bruno, put it, "It fits the perfect formula for animation; it's something impossible to do in live action. It's all illusion, really, like doing magic."

Never before has such a diverse set of stories, themes, visual techniques, and drawing styles been sewn together in one integrated whole. Other films, such as the classic *Fantasia*, were anthologies, but the drawing style was generally one studio's uniform product. Here the techniques of many of the world's finest animators have been applied to this one film to make it a visual and emotional roller coaster, ranging from scenes of pure fantasy to shocking horror to lighthearted whimsy. And since the film's full animation vision hopes to achieve a smooth and lifelike feeling, even the most fantastic depictions appear realistic. Because the film is so intimately linked with the magazine's sensibilities, its artists played a substantial part in creating the striking cinematic visuals. Thus artist-superstar Richard Corben produced model sheets for the animated version of his hero Den, and famed comics artist (*National Lampoon*, "Son-o'-God," "Green Lantern") Neal Adams envisioned characters for "So Beautiful and So Dangerous." Angus McKie, Mike Ploog (doing art not only on "B-17" but also on "Taarna"), and Juan Giménez (who did more than just concept drawings; he also planned model sheets for both "Harry Canyon" and "B-17") have lent their immense talents to the project. Even acclaimed illustrator Charles White III and Alex Tavolarous (designer for Francis Ford Coppola) fashioned art-deco-style cities for "Taarna."

All this was done in order for the film to remain true to *Heavy Metal*, the mag. Through the magazine, adult subjects—particularly sexual ones—have been handled about as boldly as a comics-format magazine has ever handled them. And in the same adventurous spirit, the cinematic *Heavy Metal* also tackles realistic sex as it's never been

Errol Bryant's lushly painted background (right) from "Den" reflects production designers Pat Gavin and Paul Shardlow's attempt to faithfully retain Corben's color sense. Young Dan's house (below) before his transformation into Den. This scene is laced with electrifying special effects. Kath and Den (bottom) discovering each other's newly acquired bodies.





Captain Sternn before the galactic court (above top); Sternn and lawyer (above left); the prosecutor (above right). Says one sequence director, Julian Scuchopa, "We don't rely on atmosphere as much as the other animators do; we go straight to the point with action the way the classic Warner Bros. Bugs Bunny cartoons did."

tackled before in an animated feature. To retain the realism of effect, the producers have stayed a mere hairbreadth away from an X rating. Nor has music been ignored: original pop music—written mostly for particular sequences—is set in an original score by Oscar-winning master composer Elmer Bernstein.

"For it to really capture the spirit of the magazine, it had to be an anthology," says Mogel from behind his classically huge publisher's desk. "What individual story could we have picked that represented the varied dynamics of the magazine and made one *long*, interesting story?"

It took Mogel from the summer of '78 until the close of '79 to develop the movie package. During that frenzied period, he had seen his project accepted, then rejected, by two major studios; he lost the story rights for three major illustrated works, had his animation budget doubled, and, during the whole process, earned his Ph.D. in determination.

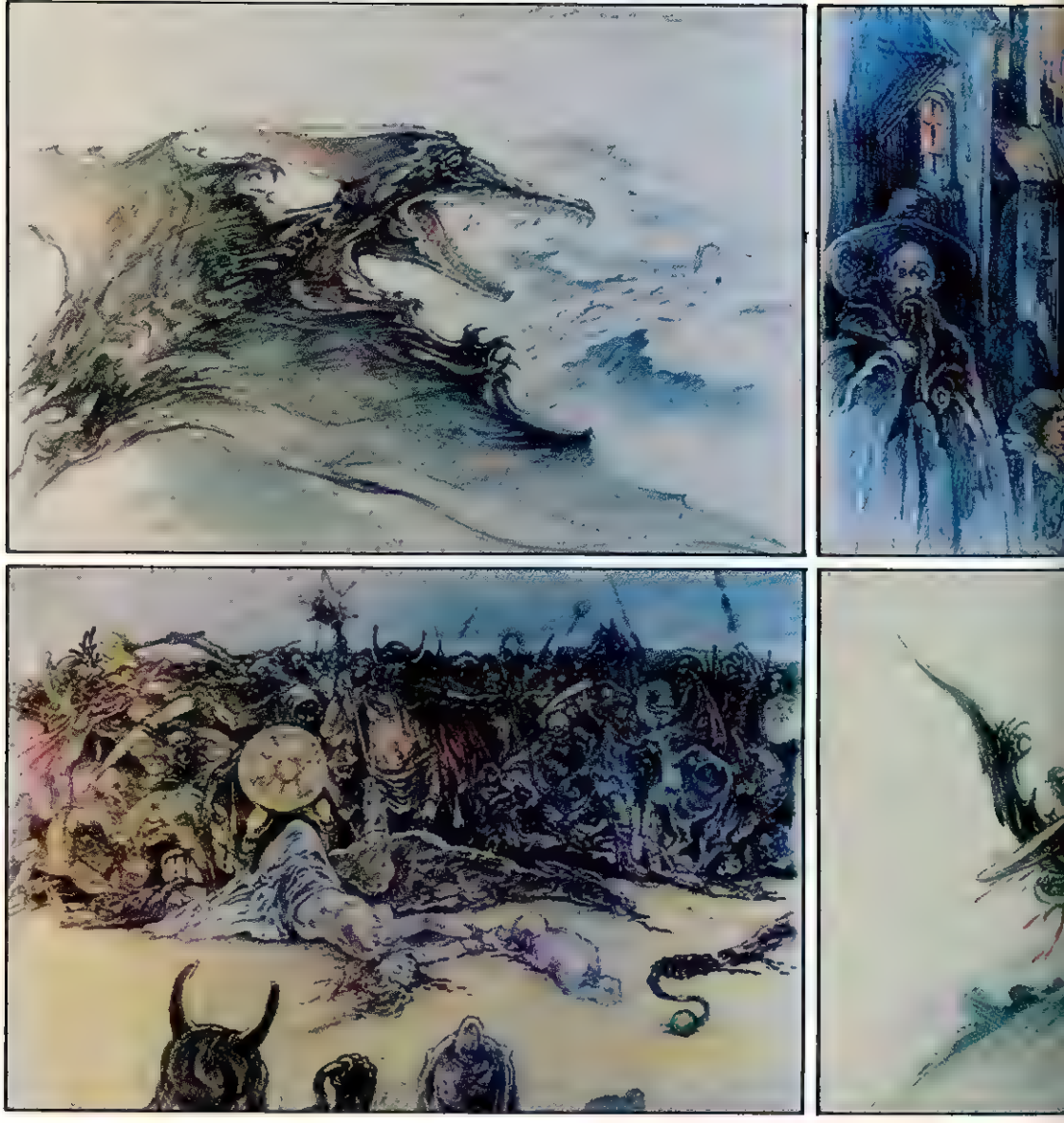
In December '79, Mogel decided to pursue the film's financing in Canada. He called associate Simmons in Los Angeles and asked if he would consult his *Animal House* coproducer, Reitman, on the legal and governmental aspects of Canadian filmmaking. Reitman, a Canadian, got on the phone with Mogel and discussed the project as a whole.

One hour later, fascinated by the film's possibilities, he told Mogel, "I can get the money and would like to produce it—let's go." Later, as he reflected on that decision, "it seemed like a great idea. I'd never seen an animated film since early childhood that excited me, so I thought it would be a challenge to make one." The Toronto-born filmmaker adds, "Anyhow, I've seen most of the science-fiction and fantasy films ever made. I'm a big buff, so I really wanted to do an adult fantasy."

Evidently, Columbia Pictures execs agreed with the wisdom of Reitman's decision. Encouraged by his work for them on *Stripes*, they decided in late 1980 to distribute *Heavy Metal*, the movie.

But making the picture sounded simpler than reality has proven it to be, for even with its by then tripled budget, no one fully comprehended what a massive undertaking was about to get underway. Nobody really could have, for they were attempting to do something not done before, bringing together all these diverse talents under one banner.

But Reitman hasn't blanched at challenges. When he finished college in Toronto, Reitman formed a college-film distributing company, which gave him his first taste of film business. Then, at twenty-five, he jumped into directing his first feature, a tongue-in-cheek horror number, *Cannibal Girls*—no great shakes as art but a drive-in money-maker. Finding out that his forte was making films, Reitman shifted to producing and hit big from the start, producing nouveau-horror-great director David Cronenberg's first feature, *They Came from Within*—a controversial money-maker, and then *Rabid*. Shortly afterwards came *National Lampoon's Animal House*. His fortunes further increased when he produced *Meatballs*, with Bill Murray, who now stars in Reitman's comedy *Stripes*.



Four of approximately 2,700 cels hand drawn in ball point on acetate by Cornie Cole—former Sylvester the Puddy Tat animator and creator of the Levi's jeans commercials (left to right clockwise): The pteranodon in flight over primeval waters; London's Jack the Ripper; plesiosaur attacking pteranodon. Says Cole: "I was going to show Jack the Ripper decapitating the girl but I was told not to, only because there were more than enough decapitations already!" Cole's foray into the history of evil includes visual influences from German illustrator Heinrich Kley's turn-of-the-century expressionism to nineteenth-century Englishman Joseph Turner's brilliantly painted landscapes. Cole adds, "I was going to have a scene out of George Grosz's decadent 1920s Germany, but that was too much, so I've tried to incorporate it with a scene of German tanks—they symbolize the might of Germany."

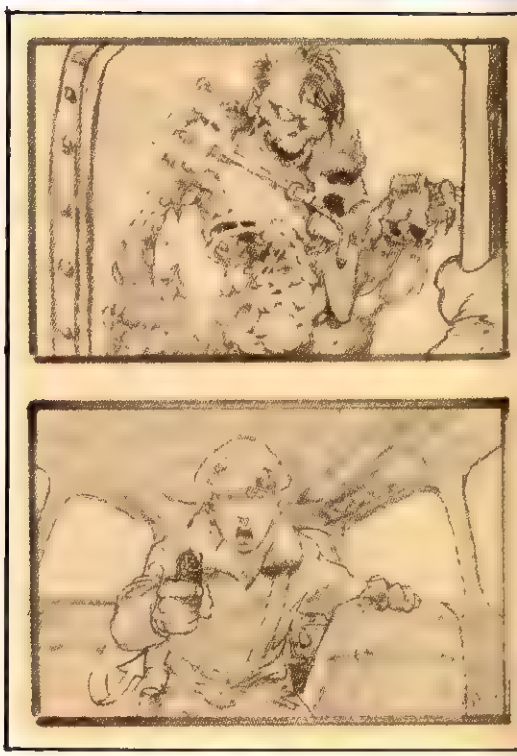
"I knew I had to tell a good story; that's a basic of good moviemaking," Reitman says assuredly. And with his own longtime love of comic books and the original *Mad* comic, he's well suited to producing *HM*. "I knew it wouldn't work as a regular movie," the thirty-five-year-old Canadian says. But he also knew it wasn't that simple. "Though the artwork makes the magazine, you get bored with animation, the wonder of the designs, after ten minutes. So I figured, if we put together segments of shifting designs and story approaches, yet make them somehow connected, we could have the best of all worlds."

So, when Reitman and fellow-Canadian scriptwriters Dan Goldberg and Len Blum jumped into mega-hour writing sessions late in February 1980, they pounced on making the film as broad as possible. To do so, this trio employed the same extrapolative techniques that make great science fiction work. "At each stage of the script," explains Blum, "we had detailed understandings about each character and situation, which were not fleshed out in the script." They remained true to the magazine's values and even used a bit of method-acting thinking. There is an exercise which requires knowing a character's whole life in order to play an hour of it; their knowledge of each character had to be more than what ends up on the screen.

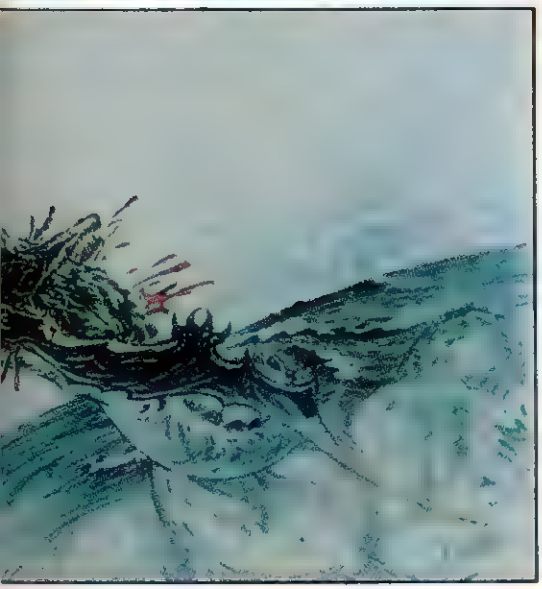
"For example, although you never know it on the screen," explains Blum, "*we* knew that Zeke and Edsel, the space jockeys from 'So Beautiful . . .,' rocket around the galaxy collecting defective robots from various solar systems; they're like outer-space Xerox repairmen." These two writers also intended "Grimaldi" to have a strong mystical dose; made sure "Den" was a resolution of the teenage sexual fantasy; and made "B-17" as timeless a tale as possible.

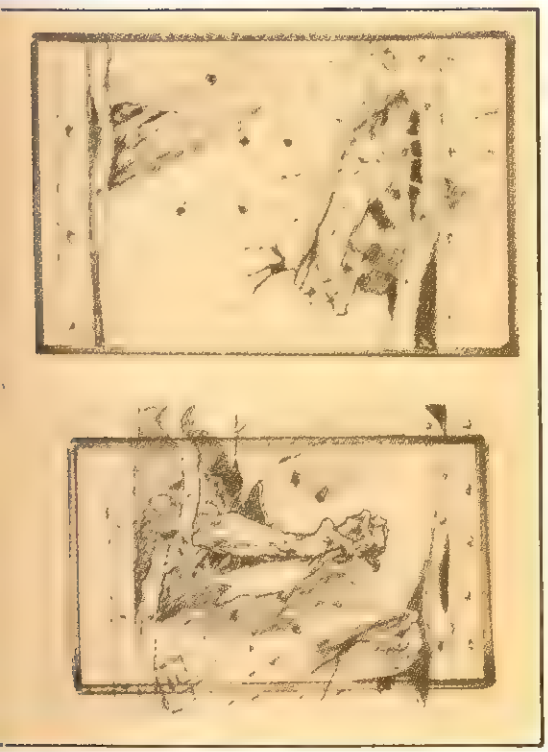
To further insure *Heavy Metal*'s visual success, former *National Lampoon* art director Michael Gross came to the project early on to maintain visual integrity. He became an associate producer, aiming to maintain quality all the way down the line. Gross, as an award-winning art director, conceived and edited the *Lampoon*'s innovative comics pages and designed *The Book of Alien*.

Since the film was being financed in Canada—watchdogged by associate producer/financial manager Peter Lebensold—the *HM* animation headquarters was in Montreal, Canada, as well. Fortunately, this city is home to the acclaimed animation director Gerry Potterton. Executive producer Mogel

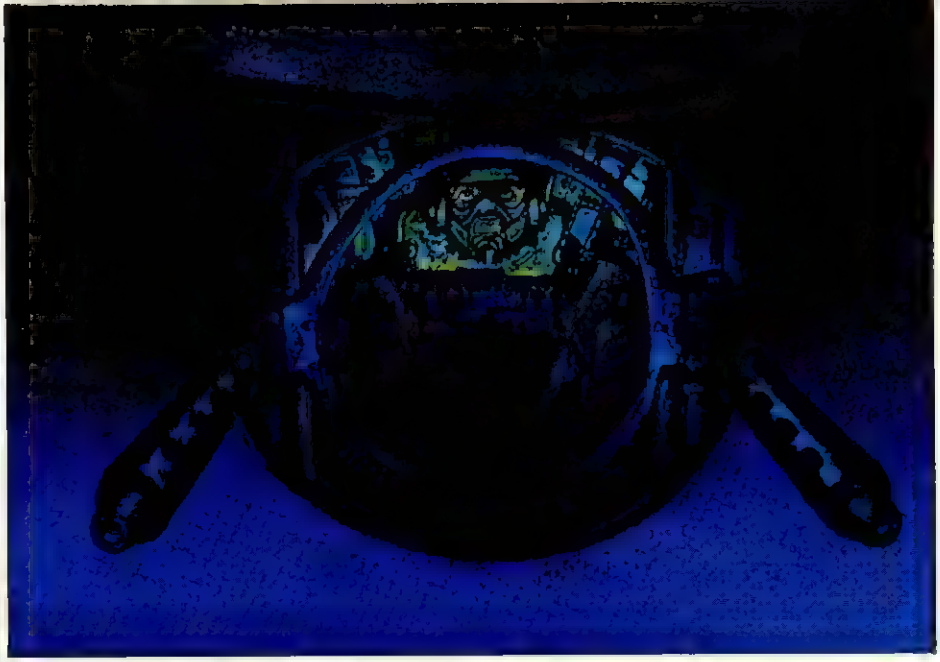


Four of Mike Ploog's E.C.-style storyboard





pencil sketches for the "B-17" segment.



Ploog's belly-gunner sketch colored by Lee Atkinson (above). Enthusiasm ran high for this sequence (producing humorous items like that at left) because the film's total crew includes three former R.A.F. servicemen and two pilots as well as several aviation buffs.

had known of Potterton long before the Canadian financing, but once it became apparent that Canada was the place, Potterton fit right in like a puzzle piece.

Perfect, too, to have ex-Britisher Potterton at the helm, for this easygoing fifty-year-old director has done not only classic animation, like the "Raggedy Ann and Andy" feature, but live action as well. Potterton's professional associations spanned the globe, so he was able to assemble what became the largest single animation operation in the Western world (400-plus personnel). And each of the many people involved has worked on at least one major animated project completed in the last twenty years.

Here in the Montreal nerve center on the third floor of the former Concordia University (incidentally, an art college) classrooms, Potterton does what no live-action director and few animation directors have ever done—that is, directs eight sequence directors, directing their individual segments. And he handles nearly sixty-five animators, each of whom is an artist who becomes an actor as he illustrates each character he's supposed to portray. When a live-action director asks an actress to cross a set, she automatically sets body to motion; but an animator must consider not only the fact of that action but also its consequences: if the character is naked, then breasts bob; if clothed, fabric wrinkles. It's a task of great detail and individual interpretation. The animation director is aware, too, of all that the animator can bring to or alter in a scene. All this Potterton must manage, as well as oversee the physical production of every stage from storyboard to final animation.

"My nature is to jump around, so it lends itself to making this film," Potterton admits inside his office, jam-packed with Ploog sketches, where a production assistant is busily at work. He first got into animation at the Halas and Batchelor Studios, where 1954's great breakthrough *Animal Farm* feature was made. "Unlike in live action, one thing's for sure: you have to have a basic talent—drawing—to get into animation." From there Potterton emigrated to Canada, eventually forming his own production company, which went on to do numerous TV specials, animated features, and live-action films, until its recent dissolution. While in a hiatus, he was offered the challenge of *Heavy Metal*. "You meet live-action people who say, 'I wish I could do animation.' It seems to me a hell of a lot easier to make the transition

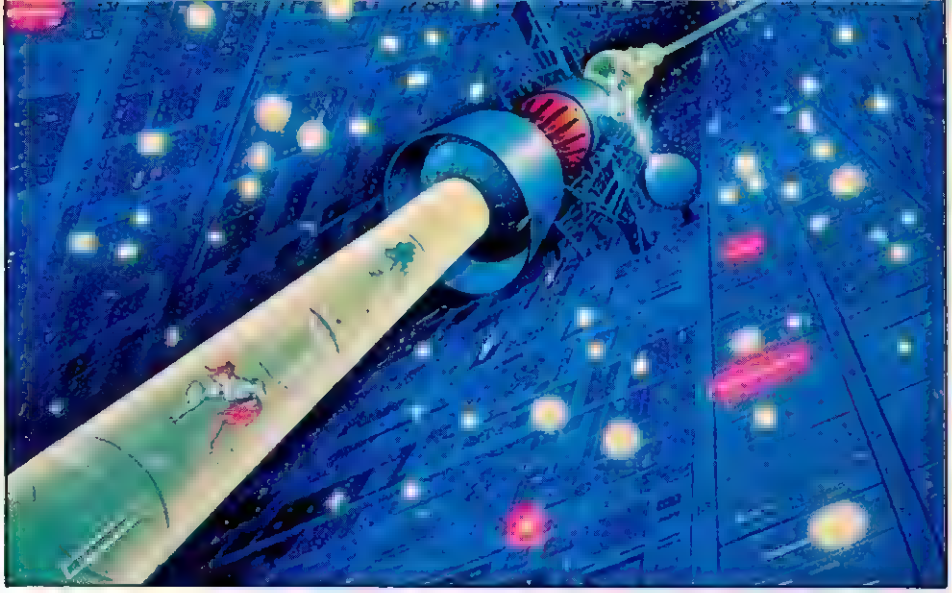
from animation to live action because you're trained from the start to visualize in terms of already edited scenes. In animation, you can't afford to shoot a scene several different ways; you must know what you want and do it right the first time!"

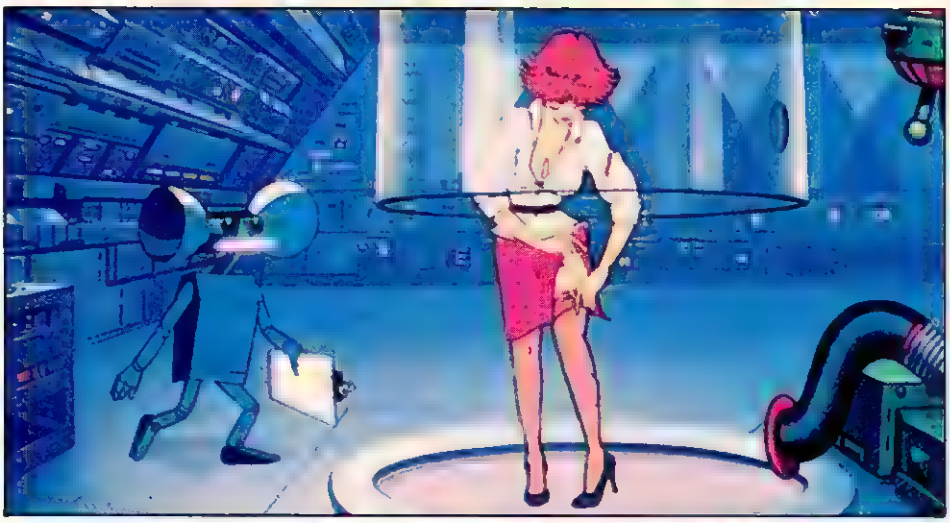
And here in Montreal they have guys giving him what he wants, guys like Portuguese-born Parisian Jose Abel, the animator of the young boy's death scene in "Taarna." When the kid goes to warn the council of a barbarian attack, he's shot down, and Abel visualizes his body falling, the arrows piercing his throat, his eyes rolling back in his head, his tongue lolling out, and finally, the hands falling away in death. All in a few seconds. Some of the cel-colorists (ink-and-paint people) refused to work on the scene because it was so realistic. "You have to believe in what you are doing. You must somehow make it exist. You must forget it's a drawing."

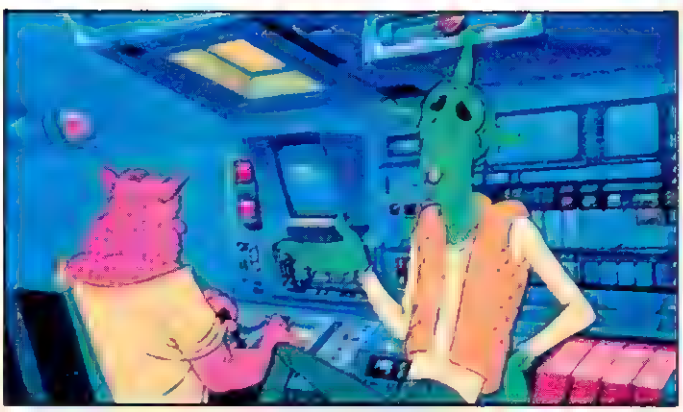
They've done the job for Potterton in other places as well. Howard Chaykin holed up in LA's Universal Sheraton for ten days drawing umpteen pictures a day. This illustrates perfectly the fanaticism surrounding the production. "I played the Philip Marlowe of animation! Since I was asked to create eclectic drawing for the 'Taarna' sequence, I had to avoid making them Conan clones or making Taarna another Barbarella. So I hid away and concentrated on Japanese design, which has that sf sort of stylization anyhow."

In London, the grandiose sign announcing Halas and Batchelor greets the visitor to Europe's premier animation studio and theater for work on "So Beautiful." Inside, major domo John Halas speaks of life with the late great sf film director George Pal in their native Budapest. The sixty-nine-year-old Halas now dominates world animation unlike anyone else this side of departed demigod Walt Disney. "In various spheres of art come those who define it; I am one in animation." Possessing a track record that includes the brilliant, subtly political *Animal Farm* (Britain's first full-length animated film); the Oscar-nominated *Automania 2000* and *Dream Doll*; and the electronic-music-inspired *Autobahn* short, Halas can speak with authority: "Only animation can provide the humor and personality needed to portray the charismatic robot in 'So Beautiful.' The *Heavy Metal* movie will be a milestone in animation, and I'm proud to assist in its architectural structuralization."

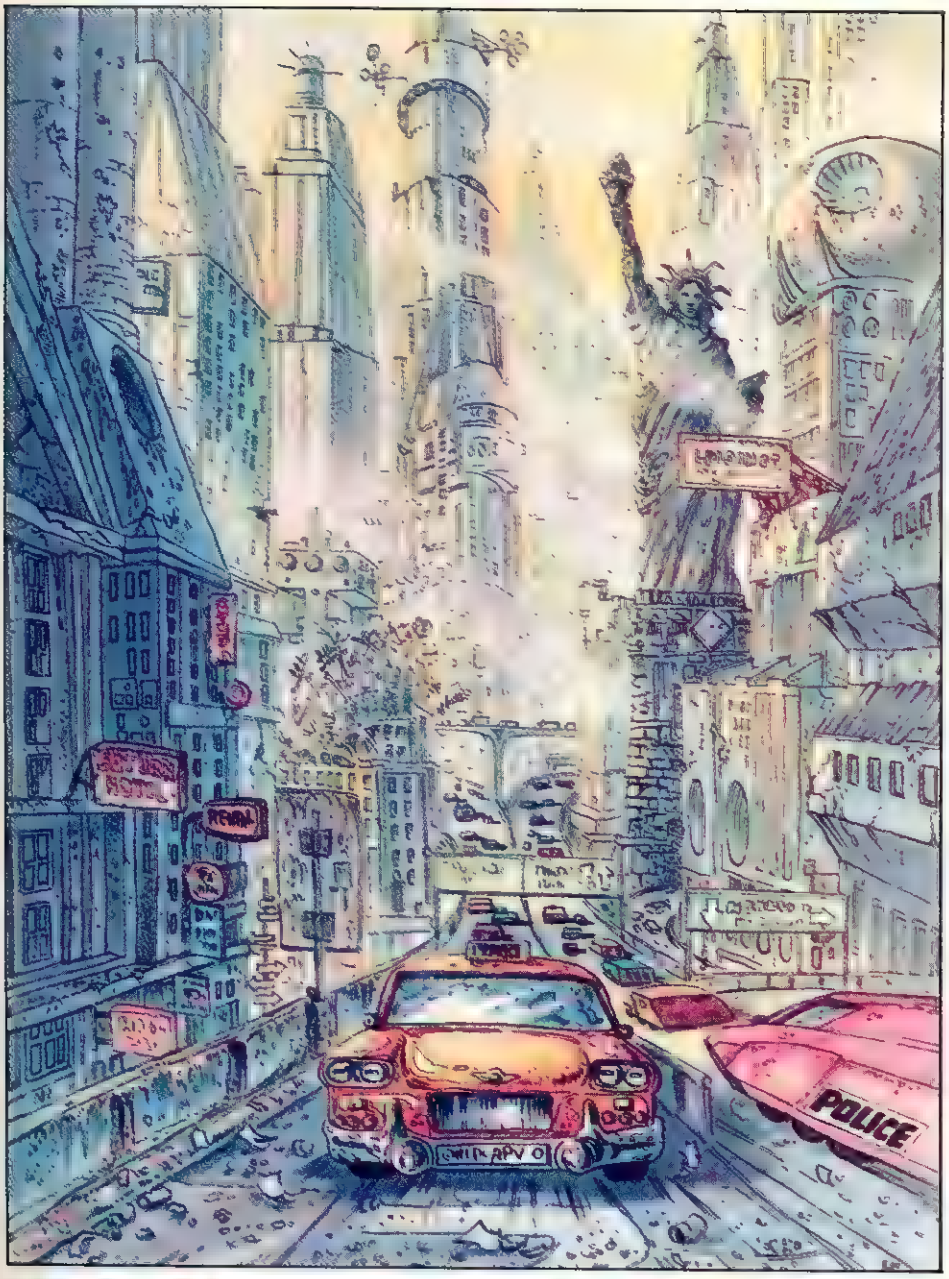
London also houses the production team for "Den," "Soft Landing," and part of "Grimaldi." Among the "Den" crew, led by sequence director Jack Stokes—he too is an alumnus of *Yellow Submarine*—are some of the finest European animators working in the field today. Many are both Halas and Potterton grads. Animation miniatures expert Teru (Jimmy) Murakami was once the animation director for Frank Zappa and the head of a company that produced *Puff, the Magic Dragon*. He also directed the live-action feature film *Battle Beyond the Stars*. Elemental in his work is the elaborate combination of model work, rotoscoping, special effects, and air-brushing, all intended to make "Soft Landing" an opening sequence of visual wonderment. "If you could just get rid of the







This scene (top) from "So Beautiful and So Dangerous" perfectly exemplifies Angus McKie's intricate backgrounds. Gloria and the robot, the only character to survive from the original strip (above right), were animated by Roger Mainwood; the Mike Gross–designed Zeke and Edsel were animated by sequence director Brian Larkin (right). The original Neal Adams character designs of Gloria (bottom): at first too ethnically stereotyped, she was eventually softened to be less obviously so.



Giménez's preproduction drawing was painted in subtle pastels by colorist Michel Guerin (top). "We wanted to get away from the usual background colorations in animation," says director Lamsweerde. Harry Canyon—the grumbling cab driver—and the professor's beautiful daughter (above left to right): "We had to hold the animators back on the sex scenes here," says Gross. "After doing funny animals for years, they really go nuts!"

attitude that animation has to be *cute*," reflects Murakami, "that would be great progress. I think a film like this could do that. It's all a matter of getting the public to see animation as something other than cartoons. I've always tried to do animation that was more than that."

In Malibu, "B-17" sequence director Barrie Nelson adjusts to the chore of animating the rousing horror treatment after building a career on the very opposite—whimsical, light shorts. Simultaneously, in Montreal, directors Julian Scuchopa and Paul Sabella cap off a career started at Potterton Productions by animating "Captain Sternn."

And throughout the world, special-effects experts with hefty experience on such weighty effects masterpieces as *Superman*, *Star Wars*, and *Star Trek* toil away on *Heavy Metal*. Because of work on the film, even Disney has been affected. When word went out that ace cameraman Max Morgan modified his multiplane camera to do special shots in "Taarna," the Disney Studios brought their original machine out of twenty-year-old mothballs.

With all of this, there are funny anecdotes that buoy up morale for such a massive and frantic community of animators. A Christmas card was circulated depicting Taarna lasciviously on Santa's knee; graffiti in the men's room in *HM* HQ read, "For a good time, call Taarna," and listed the office phone number; the Ottawa studio doing "Harry Canyon" has an off-color guide to ethnic types of New York City in the future. But possibly the funniest was the "Bald Vagina" incident. After Gross and gang in London had a good look at the sex scene in "Den" where Kath makes the most of her nudity, they all noticed the reproduction of Corben's bald vaginas on the storyboards. A memo went to producer Reitman asking about alternatives, or, "Do we go with the slit and damn the torpedoes?" The lines such a production inspires!

Finally, to pull the film together, Reitman concentrated on music as the work neared completion. First, the task of scoring the film went to maestro Elmer Bernstein. Master manager Irving Azoff pledged to spend any amount of money needed to assemble the best possible bands and songs for the two discs.

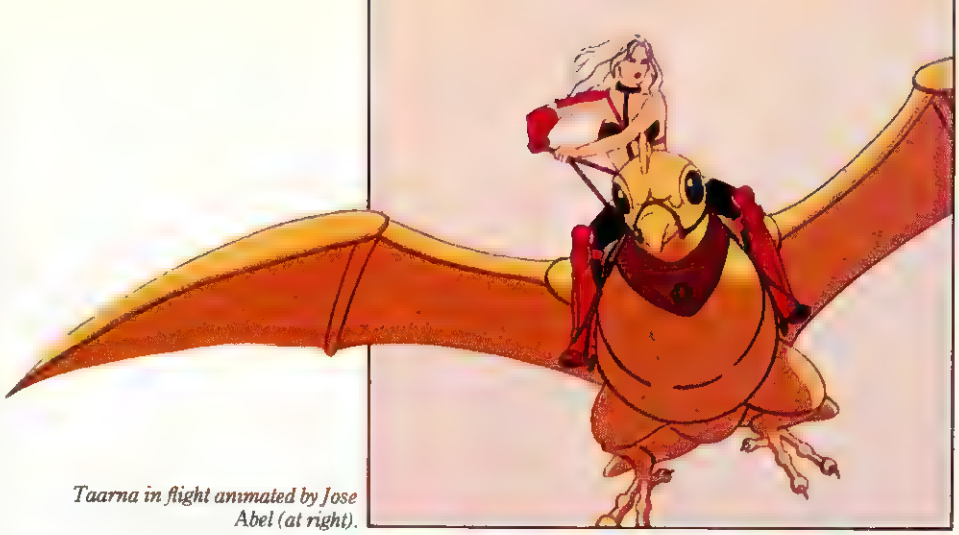
A world-renowned film composer, the fifty-nine-year-old Bernstein has won accolades and Oscars for his 130 film scores. The diversity is remarkable—*True Grit*, *To Kill a Mockingbird*, and *National Lampoon's Animal House* are but a few. Azoff—a former midwestern college-concert promoter—now handles the heaviest of platinum-earning rockers, such as Steely Dan, the Eagles, and Stevie Nicks: auspicious credits but worlds apart in the music business. Yet, Reitman has delegated to these two the task of realizing the musical ambience of *Heavy Metal*. "It's a matter of the degree by which you integrate different musical elements," says Bernstein from his home-studio in Santa Barbara, California. "Obviously you pick music that stimulates a reaction. Since the animation medium is not lifelike, your music must really fit—it has to be something full, huge, adventurous."

For Azoff, the assignment to gather various musical submissions to play for Reitman fell to Bob DeStocki, a burly ex-Ohioan and former Elektra-Asylum staffer. DeStocki must first interest world-class chart-topping bands, then convince them to send in original selections for consideration, and finally hustle them to finish acceptable demos for actual recording within the film's deadlines. "Some of these guys have never done anything on deadline in their lives," chuckles DeStocki, but it's up to him to make them understand how unusual an opportunity this is—it's the first time an animated film has tried for a totally original score. Of course, whom to ask troubled him because of his own initial unfamiliarity with the magazine. "It was soon clear that this movie is much more than one musical style." Once DeStocki began looking, first in his own backyard and expanding outwards from there, he found bands agog with enthusiasm.

"When we got the script, it was like a dream come true," says Blue Oyster Cult drummer Albert Bouchard. "And when I had read about the film just a few *Heavy Metal*s before, I had hoped the music would be good. We always wanted to do a cinematic version of songs; we felt they demanded it. Now at least we get a chance to do something like that in reverse." For the Cult, whose songs such as their hit "Don't Fear the Reaper" have always had a macabre edge, doing the movie was more than a coincidence: it served to inspire the musical ideas for their upcoming album. "We didn't really have any idea of what we were going to do and figured we'd wait till we got into the studio. Then, once we looked at the script, the music flowed, and we did five songs in a few days."

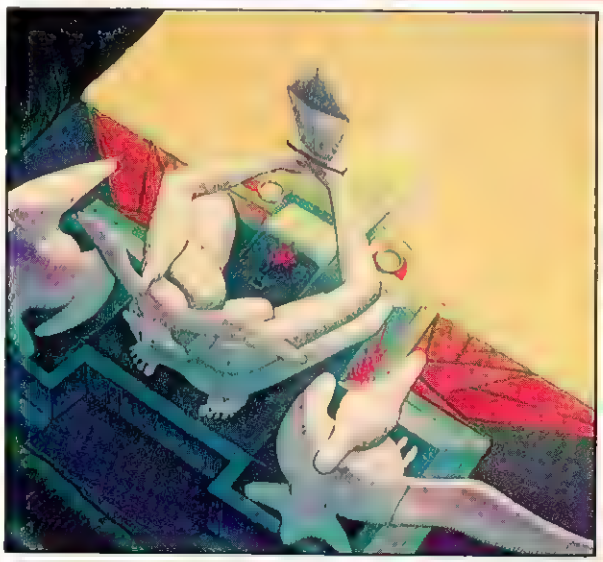
For Black Sabbath lead singer Ronnie Dio, it was a similar opportunity to try something different. "We've always been interested in taking our audience beyond the realm of everyday life, so when we saw the script we said, 'Perfect.' Animation takes you out of the realm of the real, so we tried for something that would take us out of the realm of what we ordinarily do." The Cult and the Sabs treated their heavy-metal bombast to strong doses of electronics and extended instrumentals for the perfect effect.

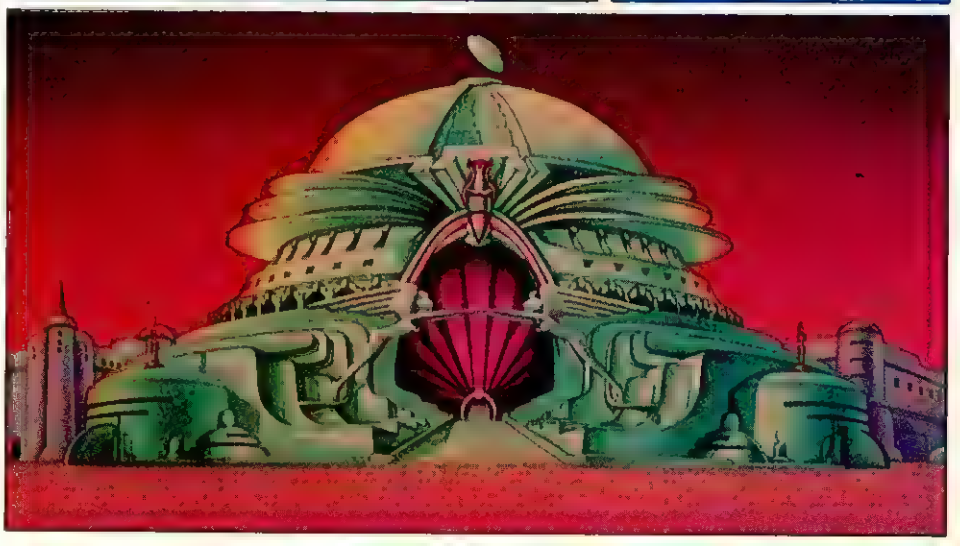
But it was Devo's Jerry Casale who summed up what the music in this film is all about. "Music in a soundtrack like this has to give an added dimension to it all. Since things are totally defined, the music should inspire the imagination." Devo certainly tried for that, with two cuts that went beyond all expectations, "Be Cool" and "Working in Coal Mine" (the latter, says Gross, is the unofficial animator's theme song). "So far other animated films have been limited to cartoonish images or the Bakshi style like in *American Pop*," sums up Casale, explaining his own fascination with the *HM* idea. "An animated version of the magazine, which is so fantasy oriented, comes at an opportune time, especially in the wake of the sword-and-sorcery revival and the new Romantics things. There is a move toward re-evaluating our culture to make it seem more like a jungle, in order to make the familiar exciting again."

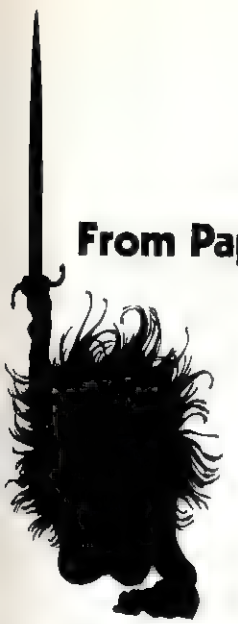


Taarna in flight animated by Jose Abel (at right).

Chaykin's barbarian figure (right) wasn't originally the leader, but after producer Reitman saw his character he said, "That guy is it!" Two grand angle shots (below) from the Hideaway, designed by artist Christian Bedard and sequence director John Bruno. This location shot (bottom) displays designers Charles White and Alex Tavolarous's mock-art-deco citadel. "I wanted the trashy, campy kind of buildings and gateways that could have been in a garish Hollywood movie from the thirties," says art director Gross.

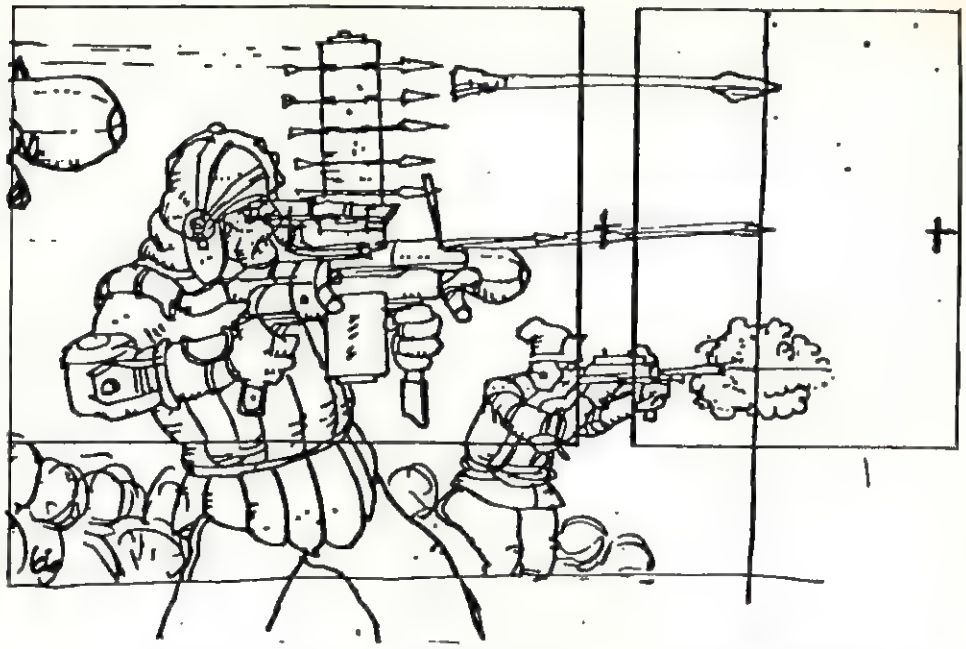






From Paper to Film—
THE LEGEND OF TAARNA

by Bhob



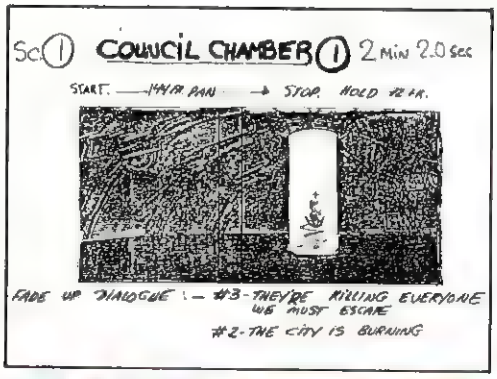
Taarna Begins

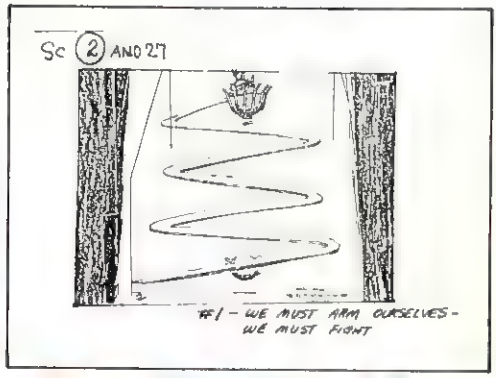
The creation of the twenty-four-minute "Legend of Taarna" sequence, during 1980 and 1981, was such an evolving process that the title is almost the only element that remained the same from the first script draft to final print.

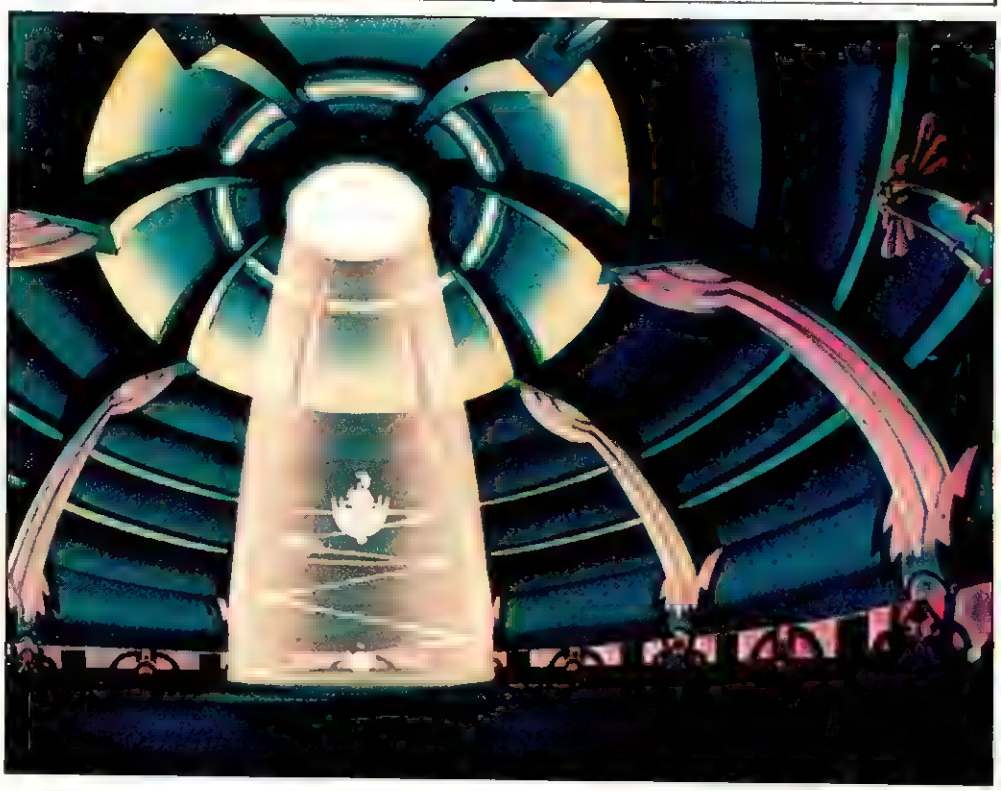
To prepare *Heavy Metal* for filming, producer Ivan Reitman, early in 1980, flew back and forth between LA and Montreal. At one of these early meetings the suggestion was made by one of the female animators that since the tone of the movie was male-oriented, the possibility of having a female leading character should be explored. Not a second-class heroine, not just a female figure; but instead of one of the heroes, there could be a heroine running one of the segments. The idea, at first unpopular, was later adopted.

The original *HM* script outline by Dan Goldberg and Len Blum (with much input by Reitman) ran twenty-eight pages. "'Taarna' came out of a discussion between Lennie, myself, and Ivan," recalled Goldberg. On 23 February 1980, Goldberg and Blum began the entire *HM* screenplay; as they wrote they showed pages to Reitman, who added his suggestions. After a March 17 Montreal meeting with the animators, they continued scripting until April 23 (adding "Harry Canyon" the following month).

Another script/visual conference was held in Montreal on June 6. "The script was never really finished," said Goldberg. "It constantly was in a state of flux—because we would record voices, and then we would realize that it went too long or too short. 'Taarna' used to be about thirty-five or forty minutes long, and it was cut significantly—mostly by Ivan and me and the artists. There once was another character in there, Zukus, that I really loved, but we took him out. There wasn't enough time. Zukus was a farmer who met Taarna, helped her out, and saved her life." The voice of Zukus belonged to Zalman Yanovsky, famed as a member of the sixties music group the Lovin' Spoonful, and now a highly successful restaurateur in Kingston, Ontario. (Yanovsky's voice can still be heard in the "B-17" segment.)


Sc 1 COUNCIL CHAMBER 1 2 MIN 2.0 SEC
START — HVR PAN → STOP HOLD 12 FR.
FADE UP DIALOGUE :— #3 - THEY'RE KILLING EVERYONE WE MUST ESCAPE
#2 - THE CITY IS BURNING





The attack sequence at the opening of "Taarna" (top to bottom): Sherman Labby's storyboard drawing indicates camera movement; these two storyboard drawings show how a pan shot is outlined; the finished council chamber in all its splendor—the council sits on the platform at center of the image

The thirty-two-year-old Los Angeles animation director John Bruno (who has worked on almost every major animated feature made during the past decade) also attended the March Montreal meeting and returned to LA. "I decided that I didn't like the film, and I left," said Bruno. "But I had come up with some special-effects things on 'B-17' that they wanted to use. Then, at the time, they said they were having trouble with 'Taarna.' It just wasn't working the way it was being designed." So, in mid August, still somewhat reluctant, Bruno arrived in Montreal as *Heavy Metal*'s special-effects director and the "Taarna" sequence director. Studying the earliest "Taarna" concept drawings, however, Bruno saw how he could overlay the fantasy with the stylistics of a Clint Eastwood/Sergio Leone Western, and also became excited about the special-effects possibilities.

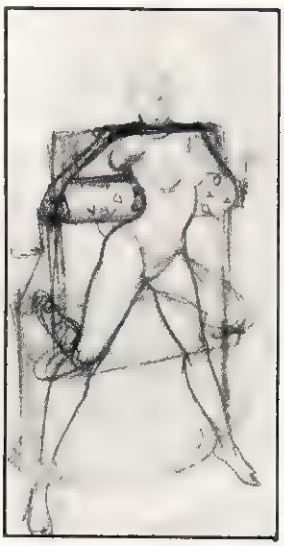
Initial Experiments

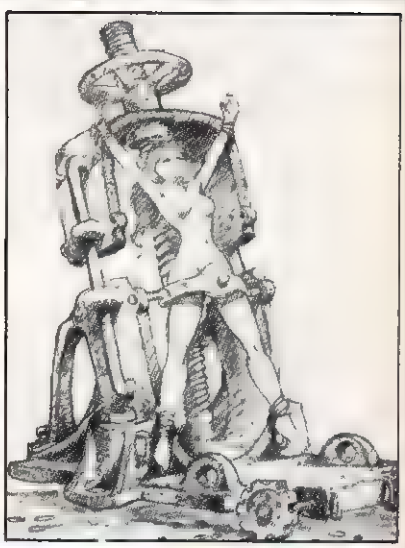
At this stage, "Taarna" was planned as several two-minute segments (a total of twelve minutes) located in different spots throughout *Heavy Metal*. Bruno suggested that these fragments be threaded together to make one continuous story, but his idea was vetoed. Returning to LA at the end of August, Bruno plotted out a rough storyboard, showing his work in progress to Reitman for approval. Four storyboard artists were hired (John Dorman, Kurt Conner, Hank Tucker, and Sherman Labby) to capture the art/movement style needed.

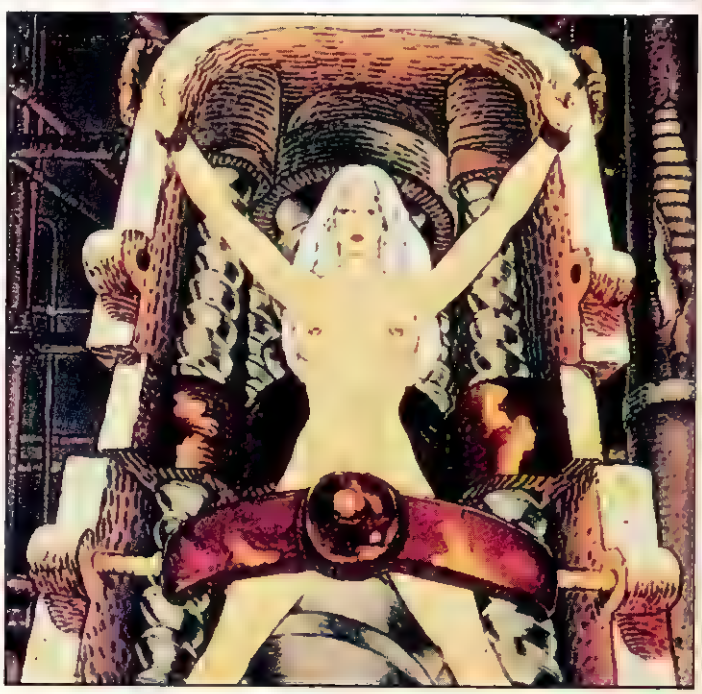
Howard Chaykin, an illustrator for *Heavy Metal* magazine since 1977, flew from NYC to LA to design the many characters. For the color character models and the color keying (a guide to match the color of the characters with the backgrounds), hundreds of sample transparent cels of individual painted components (arms, legs, bodies, helmets, etc.) were stacked in levels and switched around to determine the right colors.

In September Danielle Marleau signed on as the background supervisor. Conceptual art by Mike Ploog was sent to artists who wanted to test for the background art, and a stunning painting was submitted by Brent Boates of Vancouver. Boates was hired, along with twenty-two-year-old Christian Bedard. "The drawings these two guys have done are really the look of the film," says Bruno. Experiments were tried with unusual new concepts in backgrounds to achieve the look of the magazine. Danielle Marleau Xeroxed the line-art backgrounds on cels, and color washes went underneath. An improvement on this approach was finally devised by the Xeroxing of the line drawings directly to the watercolor paper used for the background coloring.

In September, for timing purposes and to get an idea of the entire "Taarna" continuity, the static storyboard drawings were put on film in what is known as a Leica reel (named after the camera that was used when the Disney Studio began this procedure in the mid thirties). This was the first of several "Taarna" Leica reels, which also included dialogue and music. Since composer Elmer Bernstein had not yet written his *Heavy Metal* score, soundtracks from existing mov-



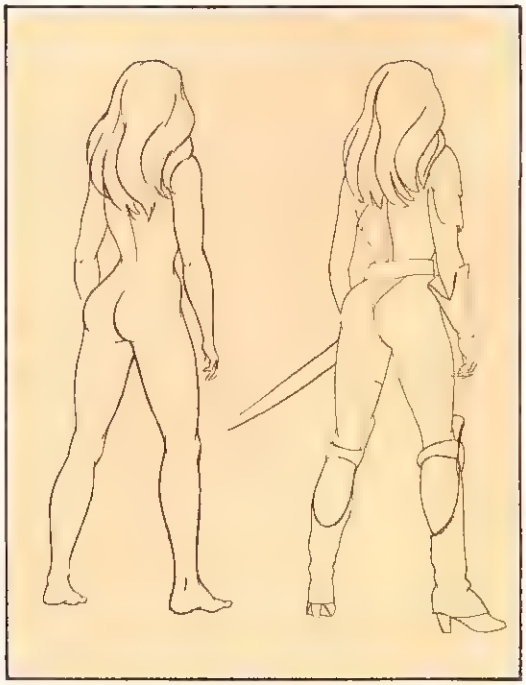




Ploog's conceptual art (top left) for the pit sequence. Originally, when the scene was much longer, more details were to be shown. Ploog (a former Lampoon *artist) is a master of detail. His rough-hewn detailing makes the barbarian torture rack (seen in these three preliminary sketches and the finished image) truly sexy as well as threatening.*

Chaykin's masterly character drawings indicate his costume-design background. When Devo bassist Jerry Casale saw this barroom musician he said, "It looks almost like me!"

Taarna's visual development began awkwardly as the artists strove for a sexy but strong character. An early sketch by J. S. Goert (left); Howard Chaykin's accepted Taarna character drawing (bottom left); and two of LA animator Renee Holt's simplified model sheets, which are used as guides for the animators (bottom right).



ies were put on the Leica reel to "get the mood." (None of this pick-up music, of course, is used in the final film.)

Chaykin Bake

The Howard Chaykin character designs were passed on to Phil Norwood, who simplified the lines of the characters structurally in character-model sheets that provided details of the characters from all different angles. Storyboarder Kurt Conner, beginning in October, also supervised the layouts—the plans for the basic composition and character movements of each scene.

A Montreal model had already been hired as a model for "Taarna," but Bruno felt she wasn't tall enough. "I then decided that for rotoscoping we had to make the girl exactly to our drawings that we liked," said Bruno. "We had a drawing from the noted English illustrator Chris Achilleos that we all liked, and we said, 'This would be great if this were Taarna.' The costume wasn't designed, but we figured that was the look, the attitude. So I went through every model agency in Montreal and interviewed eight or ten models six feet tall or above. I went around with the Achilleos drawing and said, 'Do you have this girl?' Exactly fitting our description and looking exactly like the drawing was Carol Desbiens."

The decision to use rotoscoping (of "Taarna" only) was made not only because of the complexity of movement but also as a means of maintaining consistency in drawings by two widely separated animation units.

Filming (in black and white) of the live-action footage of Taarna's movements to be used for rotoscoping took only a week in October. Bruno directed these sessions, which were photographed by Paul Van der Linden (the camera operator on Robert Altman's science-fiction drama *Quintet*). For smoother movement, "Taarna" was not rotoscoped frame by frame. Only the main action and key poses were traced, leaving the balance to be fully animated. This approach to rotoscoping, according to Disney Studio veteran Hal Ambro, is very similar to the way rotoscoping was employed on the classic Disney features. *Snow White* was rotoscoped. Camera platforms and ramps were constructed so that the angles and framing of each live-action shot would exactly match the earlier storyboard drawings. Wearing a $1,200 costume, Carol Desbiens executed Taarna's movements as indicated on the boards. Painted lines were applied to Desbiens to be later guidelines for the animators. Other lines were stitched and taped to her costume. For each new camera setup, horizon lines and edges of buildings were also taped down as background reference points.

Animation began in Montreal in October after an international team of diverse animators was assembled. Ernesto Lopez arrived from Mexico City. Jose Abel and his entire Paris staff were flown to Montreal. (The 180° shot of Taarna flying out of the sun, seen in the advance theatrical promo reel, was animated by Abel.) Former Disney animator Gary Mooney, whose more recent work has been in TV commercials, animated the barbarian leader. There were complica-

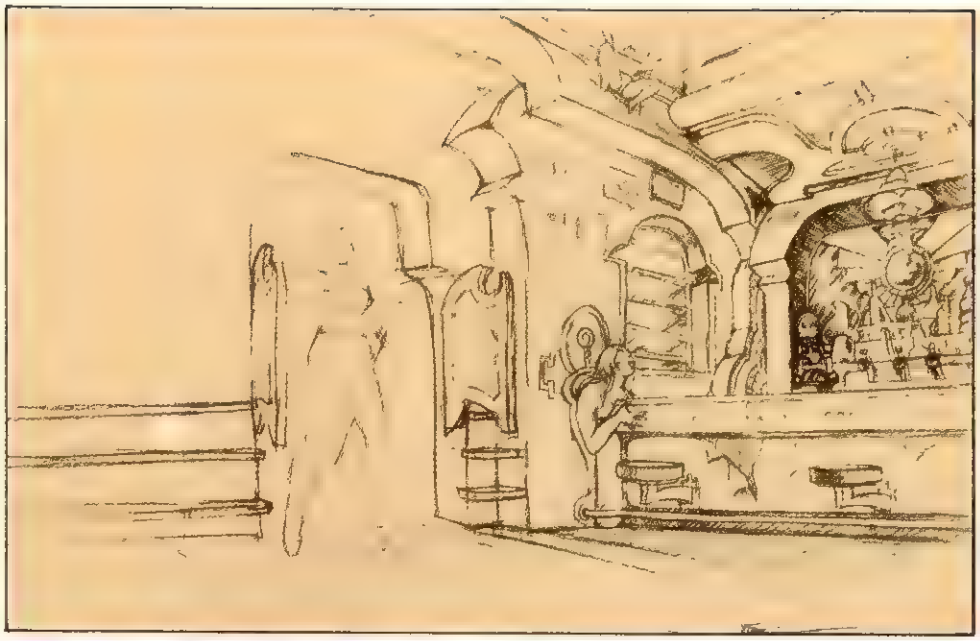
tions in getting the great Zagreb animator Zdenko Gasparović out of Yugoslavia, but these problems were eventually surmounted. The forty-four-year-old Gašparović, creator of the award-winning sardonic *Satiemania* (1978) and the marvelous metamorphosing face of the *Zagreb Logo* (1980), is responsible for the animation of "Taarna" in several scenes, including the barroom fight. The twenty-nine-year-old Canadian animator Sean Newton concentrated on shots of Taarna riding her flying creature. In January 1981 another entire group of additional animators on "Taarna" started work in LA. This unit included the former Disney artist Charlie Downs, Willie Recinos from San Salvador, the former Bakshi Productions animator Milton Gray (*Fritz the Cat, Heavy Traffic*), and Canadian Mitch Rochon. Animation drawn in LA was put on video cassettes and shipped to Montreal for approval.

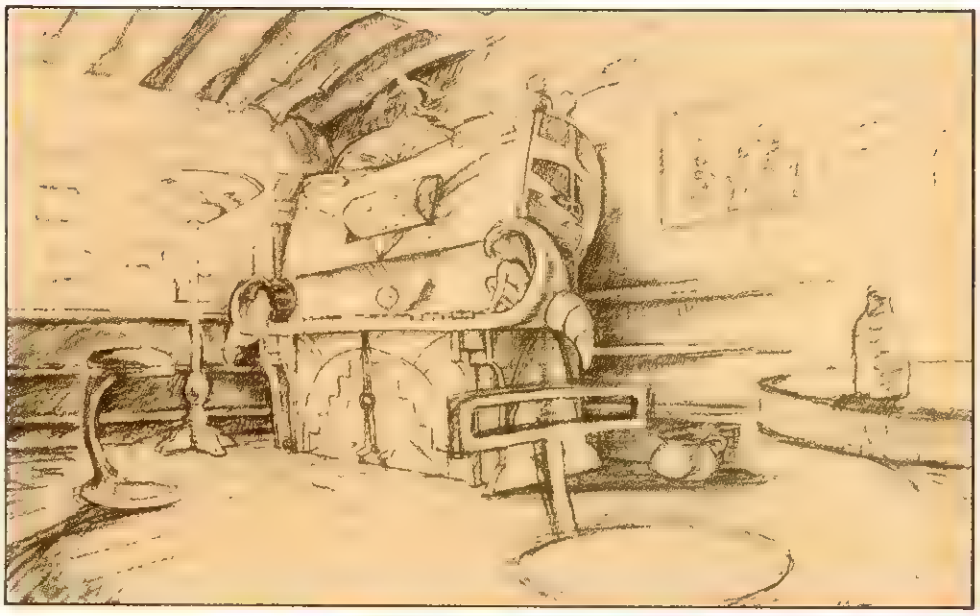
The major innovation in "Taarna" (also used in "B-17") is the "traveling background" system. For Taarna's flight over the desert, past cliffs and through caves up to the large skeleton, three-dimensional sets were built, and a computerized 35mm camera traveled over these models. With drawings by Boates as a guide, model maker Jerry Allen constructed, in a former military quonset hut, ten to fifteen miniature sets using foam rubber, plastic pipes, and other materials. Allen made the grotesque two-and-a-half-foot-high skeleton (which appears to be 800 feet high) from badger bones, a dog's skull, and a human spine. Once again, lines (and also shadows) were painted on the set before filming. Alex Funky and Don Admundson of Precision Film built and operated the camera system, which, suspended from a ceiling track, could move both vertically and horizontally across the miniatures. This live-action footage was transferred, frame by frame, to photographic paper. Artwork stregthened the lines on the photographic paper. Then, each sheet of this was Xeroxed on watercolor paper for the painting of 900 backgrounds—supervised by Eric Semones.

Taarna Takes Off

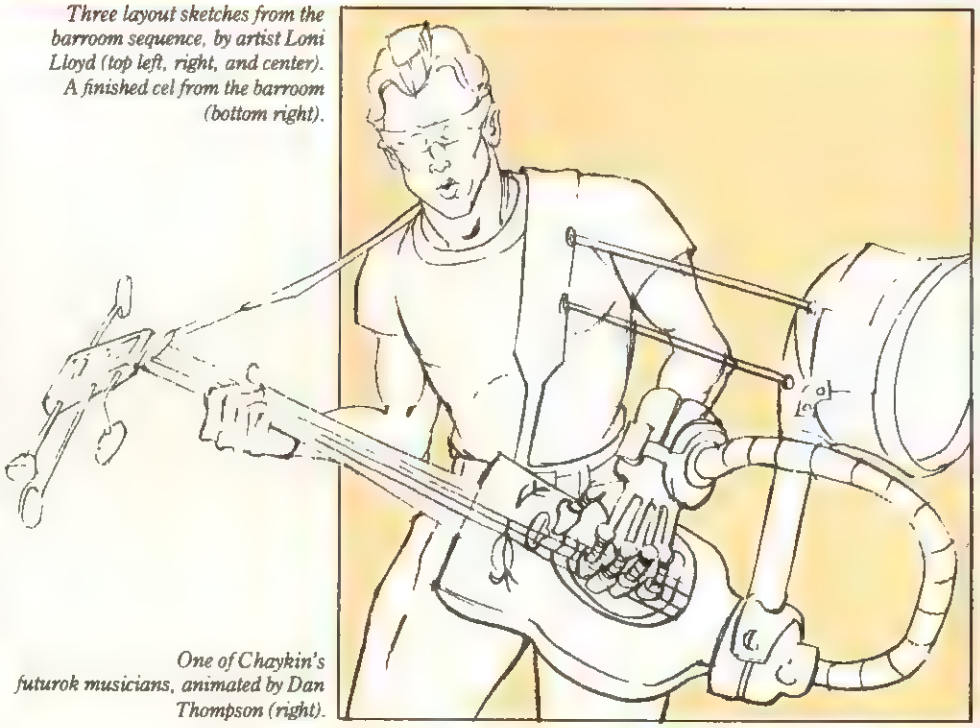
For depth, "Taarna" made extensive use of the multiplane camera, first used by Disney on *The Old Mill* (1937) and later on *Pinocchio* (1940) and other Disney features. The multiplane filming of "Taarna," involving four to six levels of cels, was done by Maxwell Morgan, who operated a multiplane for Disney years ago and recently worked on *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and *Star Trek*. The early multiplane camera was time-consuming and expensive, requiring six operators, but technological advances make it possible today to use a multiplane with fewer lights, computer-plotted moves, and a two-man crew. Morgan, who made special modifications on his camera to accommodate *Heavy Metal*, began shooting in January 1981.

Goldberg, in addition to coscripting, is also the *Heavy Metal* sound supervisor. The few lines of dialogue in " Taarna" were recorded and re-recorded in various sessions held between May 1980 and March 1981 at the Dolby Pathe studio in Toronto and Sono Lab in Montreal. Experiments on various unusual

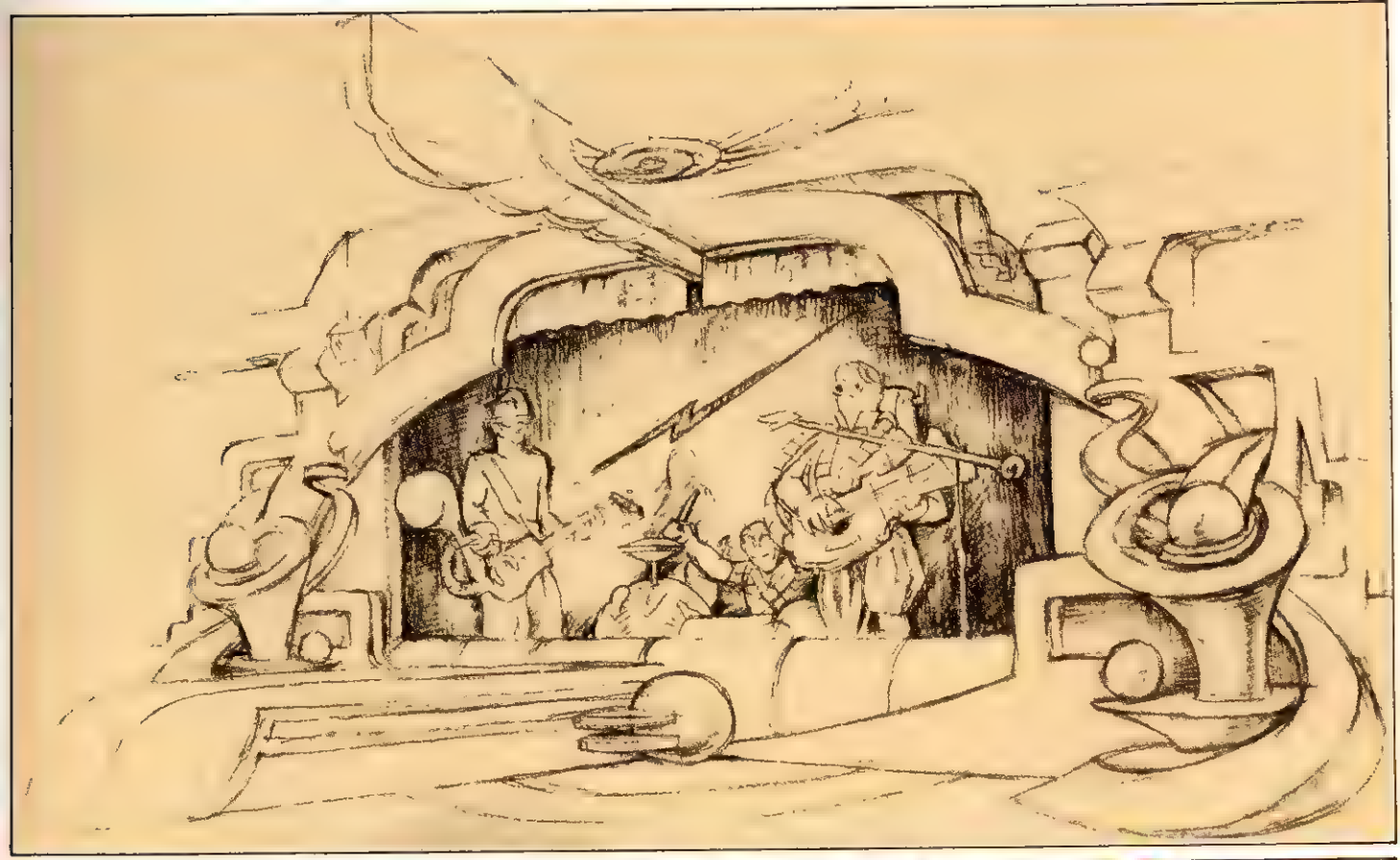


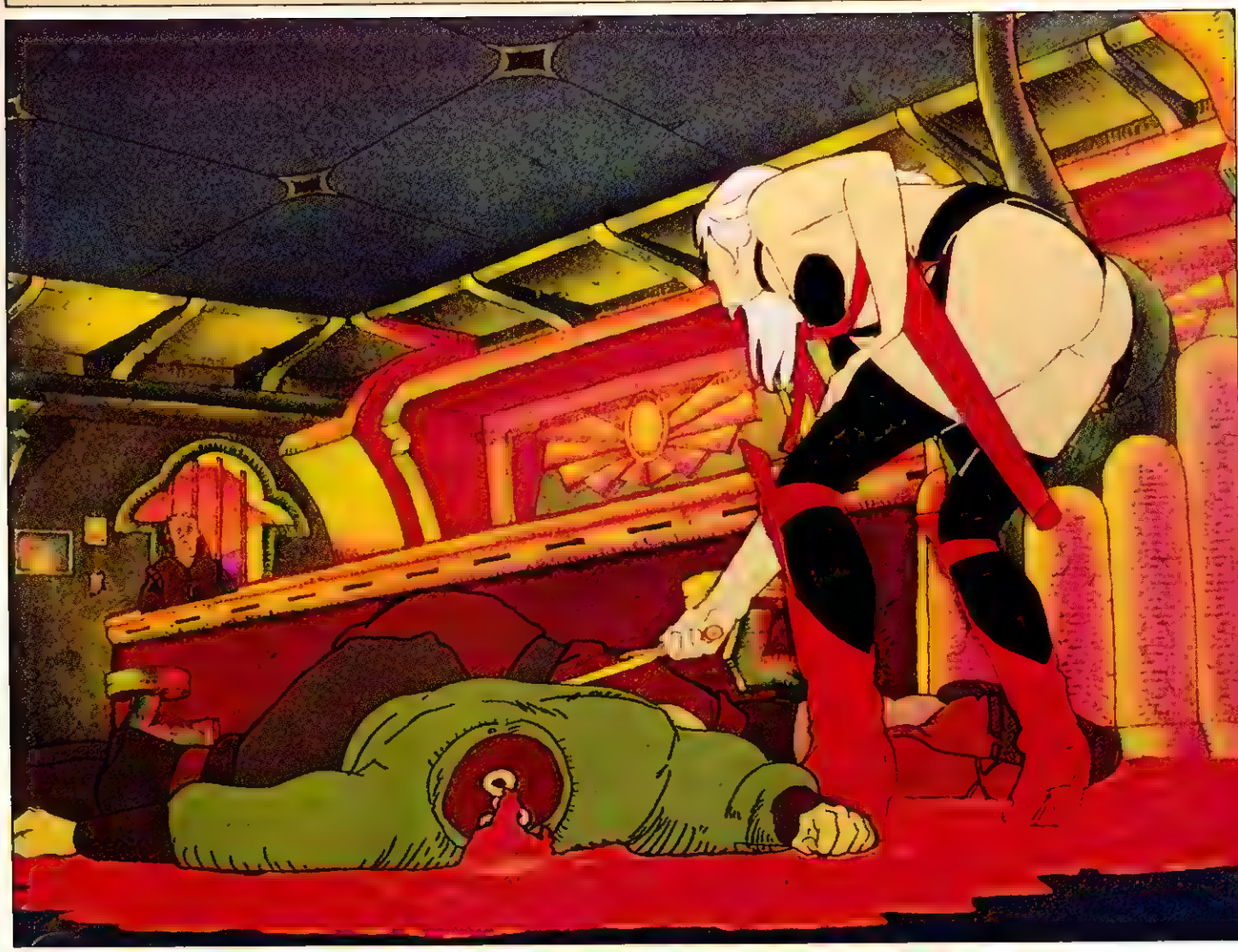


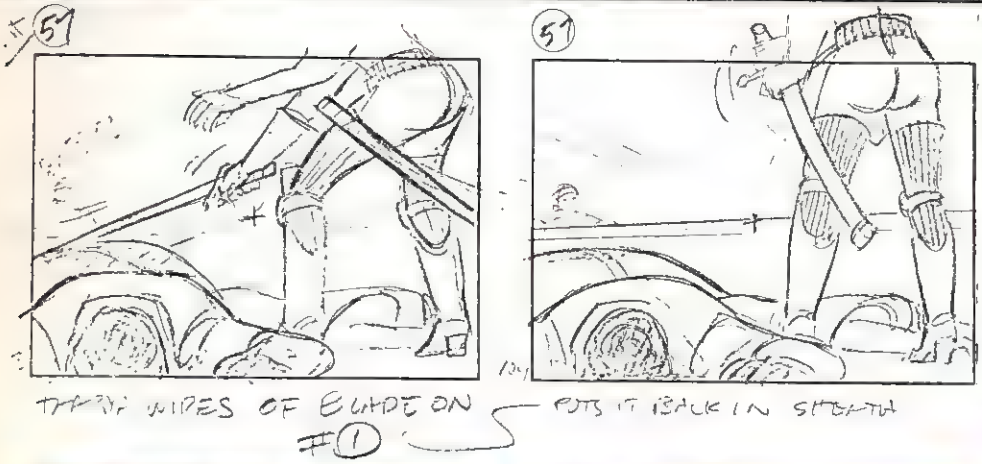
Three layout sketches from the barroom sequence, by artist Loni Lloyd (top left, right, and center). A finished cel from the barroom (bottom right).



One of Chaykin's futurok musicians, animated by Dan Thompson (right).







"Taarna" barroom sequence: photographers had to make exact computations for critical focus instead of just looking through the lens, so they actually measure the distance from film plane to subject (top). Sequence director John Bruno is seen at right. (From middle left): Two storyboard images; the rotoscoped photo; a key animation drawing from which in-betweens and cels are later made.

and bizarre sound effects began in December, continuing until the end of April.

For laser optics and other special explosion and lighting effects, Bruno, in December, contacted Harry Moreau, creator of the animated effects in the *Star Trek* movie. Bruno recalled, "I went to him and I said, 'I want the end of *Star Trek*.' I just wanted him to do what he knows how to do. I gave him a guideline and left it up to him."

That same month, the original suggestion that the "Taarna" fragments be linked together into one solid story finally caught hold. Goldberg explained, "As stories got fleshed out even more, they changed in the way they affected the entire screenplay. What we found was that we would put all of 'Taarna' at the end because it turned out to be the most dramatic story." However, with "Taarna" now as one story, it became evident that it needed a stronger climax, and, in February, Ivan Reitman requested an additional three minutes for this ending. It was storyboarded twice before a satisfactory conclusion was found.

The final major component was the music. Devo recorded a new original song to be used as the number performed by the barroom band. Black Sabbath wrote a song for the "Taarna" sequence. Throughout March, April, and May, composer Elmer Bernstein continued to score *Heavy Metal*. In midsummer, in Toronto, came the final mix. "Taarna," at last, is airborne.

A year and a half of work by hundreds of talents has finally reached completion as the *Heavy Metal* movie, which initially stirred with a muffled rumbling, then overcame inertia with a reverberating gnashing and clanking, coasted forth as a volitant $8,000,000 Jagannatha, gathering momentum and calculating its own trajectory until it now pulses soulfully with a sparking, darkling magic, signaling its transfiguration into a spinning and wheeling, living and breathing *entity*, majestically metallic, hovering in the starry Canadian heavens before ascending into the infinite night as a fata morgana of all our dreams.

KNOW YE, O PAWN, THAT BETWEEN THE YEARS WHEN THE SS-18'S LAID WASTE TO THE GLEAMING CITIES AND THE LAST OF THE SONS OF ROENTGEN...
...THERE WAS AN AGE PREDICTED OF WHEN DECADENT SATRAPIES LAY SPARSE ACROSS THE WORLD LIKE INSUFFERABLE PARASITES UPON A FESTERING CARCASS.
HITHER CAME PROLETARIUS ...SOOT-HAIRED, SAD-EYED, SHIV IN HAND... HEIR TO GIGANTIC FEAR AND IGNORANCE... PURSUED AND YET PURSUER OF...
PIGS on the WING
ART- TOM YEATES
SCRIPT- KEN FEDUNIEWICZ
© 1979

WITH HIS PARENTS NOW DEAD, THERE COULD BE NO REPRISAL AGAINST THEM FOR WHAT PROLETARIUS CARRIED IN HIS HEART... A BLOOD LUST THAT SOUGHT TO AVENGE A LIFE OF SQUALOR!
WITH THE LAST THOUSAND MILES COVERED ON FOOT, HE REACHED THE END OF HIS WORLD... THE LAND OF TWO- AND THREE-STORY HOVELS ... AND STOOD ON THE BRINK OF ANOTHER. HE BRAVELY ASSAILED THE FRONTIERS OF HIS KNOWLEDGE WITH A SIX-STORY TETHER...
SIGNS OF SOCIETAL BREAKDOWN ARE EVERYWHERE! THE INTERMEDIATE COUNCILS ARE BEING SUED DAILY BY THE PETITIONING HORDES POSSESSED BY AN OVERABUNDANCE OF SOCIAL CREDITS! DISSIDENTS ARE DEMANDING ENTRY TO NEXT-LEVEL!
MEANWHILE, THE ALTERNATES HAVE FORMED A SHADOW COUNCIL. IQ LEVELS ARE DROPPING TEN QUANTA PER SUCCESSIVE TIME CYCLE! THE MONITORS WANT TO KNOW WHY! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE ACTION?!?
GO COUPLE WITH THE CARNIVOROUS PLANT FORMS, MY BARNACLE-FACED CHANCELLOR! I'VE GOT MORE PRESSING MATTERS ON MY MIND!

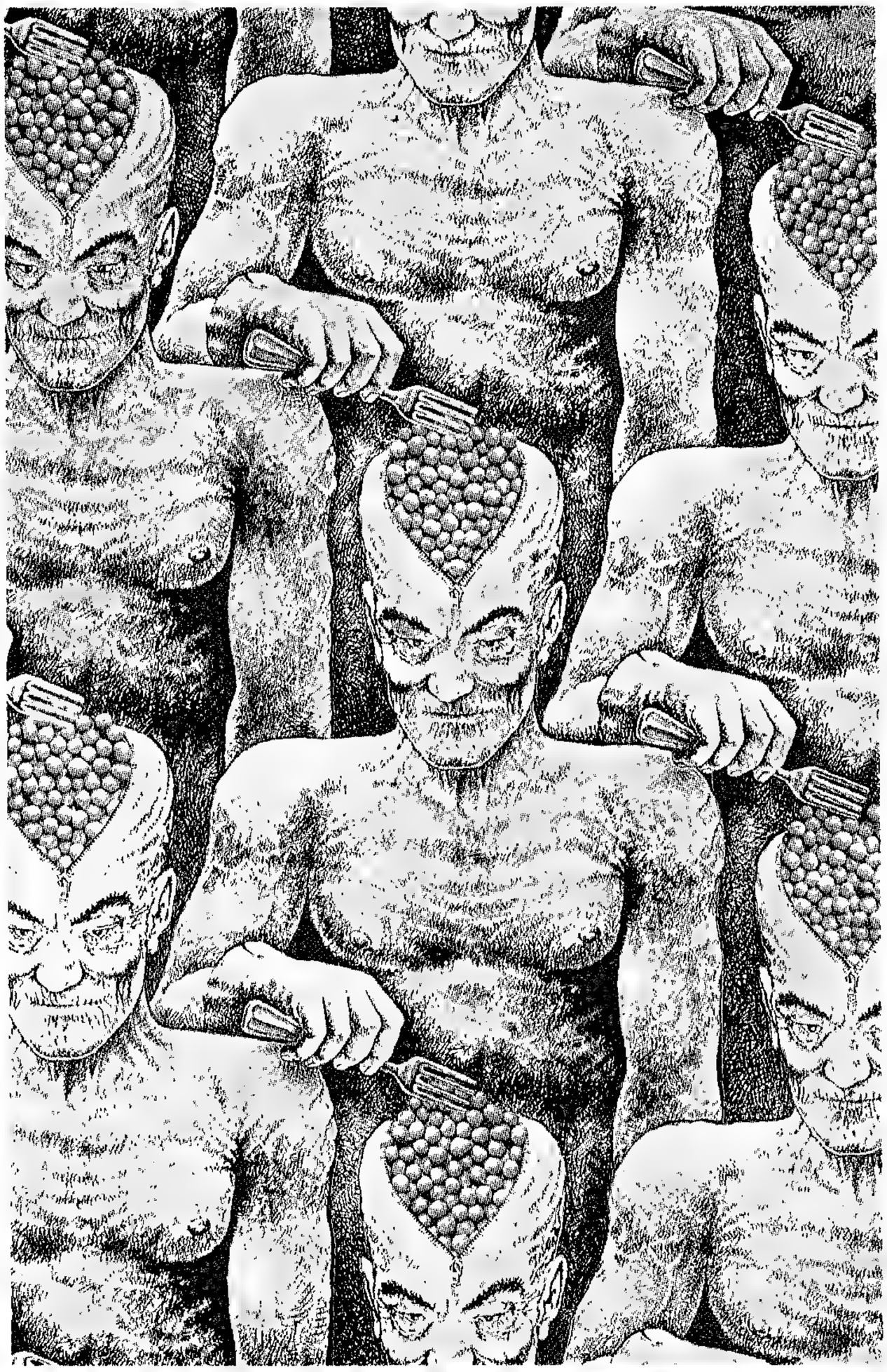
PROLETARIUS'S MIND FOUGHT OFF THE FEAR ENGENDERED BY UNFAMILIAR SURROUNDINGS. AS HE MADE HIS WAY STEALTHILY THROUGH OPULENT CHAMBERS, HE WAS ABLE TO QUICKLY IDENTIFY THINGS COMMON TO THIS WORLD AND HIS OWN, UNTIL...
OH!
OH, WHAT HAVE WE HERE? A THIEF, EH?
SPAWN OF THE OPPRESSOR! YOU APPEAR TO BE ONE OF MY OWN, BUT YOUR MANNER BETRAYS YOU!
KNOW THAT ALONE I HAVE TRIUMPHED THUS FAR TO ESCAPE MY CASTE!
RELIGION AND EDUCATION! DOUBLY CURSED! INDEED, WHAT KIND OF ABERRATION COULD UTTER SUCH ASTOUNDING PROCLAMATIONS? WHAT..?
VERJEN TRUDO, BEWARE! THE SOUTH WALL HAS BEEN BREACHED BY A...

WHAT?! CONSORTING WITH CRIMINAL CHATTEL? BREACH OF FAITH! VIOLATION OF THE TENETS! GUARDS! ARREST THEM!
COME, QUICKLY, STRANGER!
MY CHARADES WILL BE TOLERATED NO LONGER! REVOLUTION IS AT HAND, MY FRIEND!
EVERY INSTINCT WITHIN ME COMMANDS THAT I DISTRUST YOU! YET YOU AID IN MY ESCAPE. WHY?!
PERHAPS BECAUSE YOU HAVE EARNED IT, COMING THIS FAR ALONE, AS YOU HAVE... AND WE ARE BOTH THREATENED BY THE SAME PERIL!
BESIDES, ARE YOU NOT A "SMOOTH-SKIN," AS I AM? I SENSED NO REPULSION FROM YOU, AS I DO FROM THE OTHERS... AND THAT PLEASES ME!
HOLD! OUR PATH IS BLOCKED!
PITIFUL LOWLAND SAVAGE! COME TASTE A SWEET, STEELY DEATH! IT WILL SPARE YOU THE SLOW TORTURE OF VIVISECTION IN THE DEVO-LABS!

HAH! OH...!
FOOL! COMBAT IS ALL I'VE EVER KNOWN!
ARROGANT THROWBACK! I'LL FEED YOUR GENITALS TO MY HUNTING ANIMALS! ARRGH!!
COME, OUTLANDER! BEYOND THIS DOOR LIES SAFETY!
WELL, WHO'D HAVE GUESSED IT? MY "RACIAL SUPERIORS" ARE SLAVES TO THE SAME BLOOD LUSTS AS I! MORE OF WHAT I'D BEEN TAUGHT HAS BEEN PROVEN A LIE!
OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO REACH THE ROYAL STABLES ON THE ROOF... AND MY MOUNT! BUT NOW THERE'RE SOLDIERS AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS!
COULD WE CLIMB UP THE OUTSIDE OF THE WALL?
WE'LL HAVE TO, NOW!
THIS IS MAKING ME ANGRY!
KEEP CLIMBING! THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND!
PIG! THAT'S CLOSE ENOUGH!

KISS MY HEEL IN PENANCE, SCUM!
YEEEEAARG!
TERROR AND APPREHENSION OVERTOOK PROLETARIUS AS HE STIFF-LEGGEDLY FOLLOWED THE WOMAN TOWARD CREATURES HE WAS UNFAMILIAR WITH...
I HAVE TO RELEASE THE OTHER MOUNTS SO THE GUARDS CANNOT FOLLOW! TRUST ME, AS THERE'S NO TURNING BACK!
...AND THEN SHE BEGAN TO SPEAK IN A TONGUE FOREIGN TO PROLETARIUS.
SAD PEASANT, YOU COULD NEVER HOPE TO ESCAPE YOUR CASTE...
...EVEN I AM A PRISONER OF MINE. THE ILLUSION OF TRUE ESCAPE IS AN ETERNAL PLAGUE, AND THE RESULTING FRUSTRATION HAS EVER BEEN THE BASIS FOR SOCIAL UPHEAVAL AND ANARCHIC CHAOS.
THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US IS THAT I'VE CHOSEN SURVIVAL BY REMAINING WHERE I AM IN HOPE THAT I SHALL OUTLAST THE SYSTEM... OR TRIUMPH BY SUBTERFUGE!
AND NOW I MUST PONDER YOUR DEATH, FOR SURELY YOUR SAFE TRANSIT TO NEXT-LEVEL WOULD INSURE MY OWN DEMISE. A SIMPLE LOOP WILL THROW YOU FROM THE SADDLE, AND MY HUNGRY FLYERS WILL DEVOUR YOU BEFORE YOU HIT THE GROUND...!

THE IMMORAL MAJORITY



by Norman Spinrad

With the election of Ronald Reagan to the presidency of the United States, the so-called Moral Majority movement appears to have come into its own. Not only does this collection of fundamentalist media evangelists, mail-order right-wing fund raisers, antiabortionists, anti-ERA activists, fag baiters, and other right-thinking Americans claim primary responsibility for electing Ronald Raygun himself; they have managed to gut the liberal block in the Senate, replacing men of stature in both parties, like Javits, McGovern, Bayh, and company, with many other, anonymous patriots more to their liking. Already, they are clamoring to defeat the ERA and amend the Constitution to put prayer back in schools, buses in their garages, and bumptious women, commies, atheists, and "niggers" back in their place. Klan recruitment is up. Moral Majority types are trying to remove the teaching of evolution from the California schools system. Next, no doubt, there will be a move to insert the flat-earth theory into astronomy texts.

There is no doubt that this so-called Moral Majority is for the moment riding high politically. Powder-blue double knits run rampant in the nation's capital, Jesse Helms and Strom Thurmond are senatorial superstars, the secretary of state is a general, and the president is a movie star playing the lead role in their script.

However, this magazine has obtained access to a document which indicates that by the 1984 election and perhaps long before, the so-called Moral Majority is going to be in for a rude political awakening.

This document was passed to me by a drunk outside CBGB [a N.Y.C. New Wave club] who claimed he had stolen it from his coke dealer, who had gotten it in partial payment from a customer who lifted it from the pants of an unnamed source in the notorious House Office Building men's room. The title of the agency responsible for the document has been obliterated, and in the course of transmission, portions of it have been stained by loathsome substances, but the nature of the report and to whom it is addressed remain clear. So clear, in fact, that the possibility that I am being used as a conduit for a deliberate leak cannot be discounted.

The report is called, innocently enough, "The Pervo-Devo Vote, a Demographic Projection for 1984." What it is in fact is a political warning and consequent scenario from some unnamed polling projection organization to the inner circle of President Reagan's political advisers, the people who shaped his successful 1980 campaign against Jimmy Carter and who would be responsible for his reelection campaign in 1984.

What it represents is a political bombshell.

The report begins by rehearsing the obvious, namely, the total support given the Reagan campaign by the Moral Majority movement in 1980, and the total support given in turn by Ronald Reagan for their program.

The resultant smashing victory seems to have given credence to the notion that the legions of the Moral Majority represent the overwhelming American majority indeed, and that the president had therefore better continue to support their righteous principles.

However, the report points out, "in 1980, Ronald Reagan was running against a born-again Sunday-school teacher and a man who once introduced a constitutional amendment to put Jesus Christ into that worthy document. Our studies show that of the three presidential candidates, Reagan, Anderson, and Carter, it was *Ronald Reagan* who was perceived as the least righteously uptight. After all, he was a divorced movie actor with three or four weird, hippie kids, he palled around with Frank Sinatra, and he once played straight man to a chimpanzee."

Thus, the report points out with a series of statistical tables, the so-called pervo-devo vote actually went 71.8 percent for Reagan in 1980 largely because the two other candidates were perceived as even worse assholes.

What is this pervo-devo vote to which the report constantly refers? Whoever wrote it seems to assume that his clients know exactly what he is talking about, but buried in an appendix at the back of the document is a definition and demographic analysis of the pervo-devo vote that is political dynamite.

Shorn of sociological jargon, the definition of the pervo-devo vote is as the mirror image of the Moral Majority, all those interest groups that clean, straight, sober, upright, God-fearing, patriotic, born-again Americans regard as the unwashed legions of Satan.

An estimated 20 percent of the American population is gay. Half of those who have been married have been divorced. Thirty-five percent of Americans over the age of ten are at least occasional users of marijuana, 10 percent can afford to snort coke, and 17 percent are 'luded out. Ten to 15 percent are alcoholics. Premarital virginity is too rare to be accurately measured. Eighty-seven percent of males and 84 percent of females practice masturbation; 30 percent of all spouses admit to at least one count of adultery. Sixteen percent of the population shoots pool, 75 percent of males read at least one girlie mag a year, clear majorities of men and women support the ERA and abortion, 25 percent of Americans are black, 51 percent are women, 37 percent have had a guru, and 18 percent are mutants.

Even allowing for overlap—dope-smoking adulterous masturbators, pool-shooting coke-sniffing mutants, black guru-following fornicators, etc.—the conclusion is stunning.

The so-called Moral Majority has defined itself out of existence.

If you accept the exclusion of atheists, potheads, adulterers, drunks, junkies, fornicators, coke fiends, commies, liberal Democrats,

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papists, homosexuals, punks, hippies, science-fiction freaks, 'lude lovers, sodomites, hookers, johns, pornographers, pedophiles, pederasts, joggers, and rock-and-rollers from the self-proclaimed legion of Morality, then what you are left with is not exactly an American majority.

Or, as the appendix to the report so elegantly puts it: "...these numbers are the handwriting on the wall for the reelection campaign of Ronald Reagan unless drastic steps are taken. When you run the data through a good computer, you discover that the Moral Majority with whose life-style the president has so closely associated himself consists of Jerry Falwell, Phyllis Schlafly, a bunch of con artists with mailing lists, three aging billionaires in Orange County, and that 3.7 percent of the American populace who have never fucked, sucked, gotten drunk, masturbated, voted Democrat, marched in a demonstration, had a homosexual experience, patronized a massage parlor, had an original thought in their heads, or gotten stoned—most of whom are ineligible to vote by reason of insanity."

According to the report this fact was masked during the 1980 campaign because there was no candidate around whom this Immoral Majority could rally. Ronald Reagan himself, as movie star, Rat Pack member emeritus, and jelly-bean freak, actually did best in capturing the pervo-devo vote.

But, the report warns sternly, "President Reagan can count on no such free ride in 1984. The two most likely Democratic opponents are Ted Kennedy and Jerry Brown. The former is a papist playboy millionaire liberal who drove his car into the drink after a wild party and whose family and self are frequently featured in the *Enquirer* and the *National Star*. The latter sleeps on a mattress, has a Zen guru and a rock-star girl friend, and is affectionately known as Governor Moonbeam.

"Either one of these candidates would capture an overwhelming percentage of the pervo-devo vote, which is to say the great American Immoral Majority, making it difficult for the president to capture any district outside of Salt Lake City. Should both of them run on the same ticket, President Reagan would be virtually forced to dump George Bush as his running mate in favor of Truman Capote."

It is the final recommendation of the secret report that will strike dread into the hearts of that small minority of righteous Americans who stand between us and our own pervo-devo natures.

"It is clear that the president must begin a slow, careful withdrawal from his identification with the Moral Minority to a stance of sympatico with the Immoral Majority. Following are our specific step-wise recommendations:

"He should change tailors. In Washington, he should affect the Polo Lounge look, playing to his credibility as a Hollywood wheeler-dealer: velvet suits, shirts open to six inches above the navel, silvered air-force shades. On the ranch, he should emphasize the cowboy look with tighter tailoring, black leather, and silver studs.

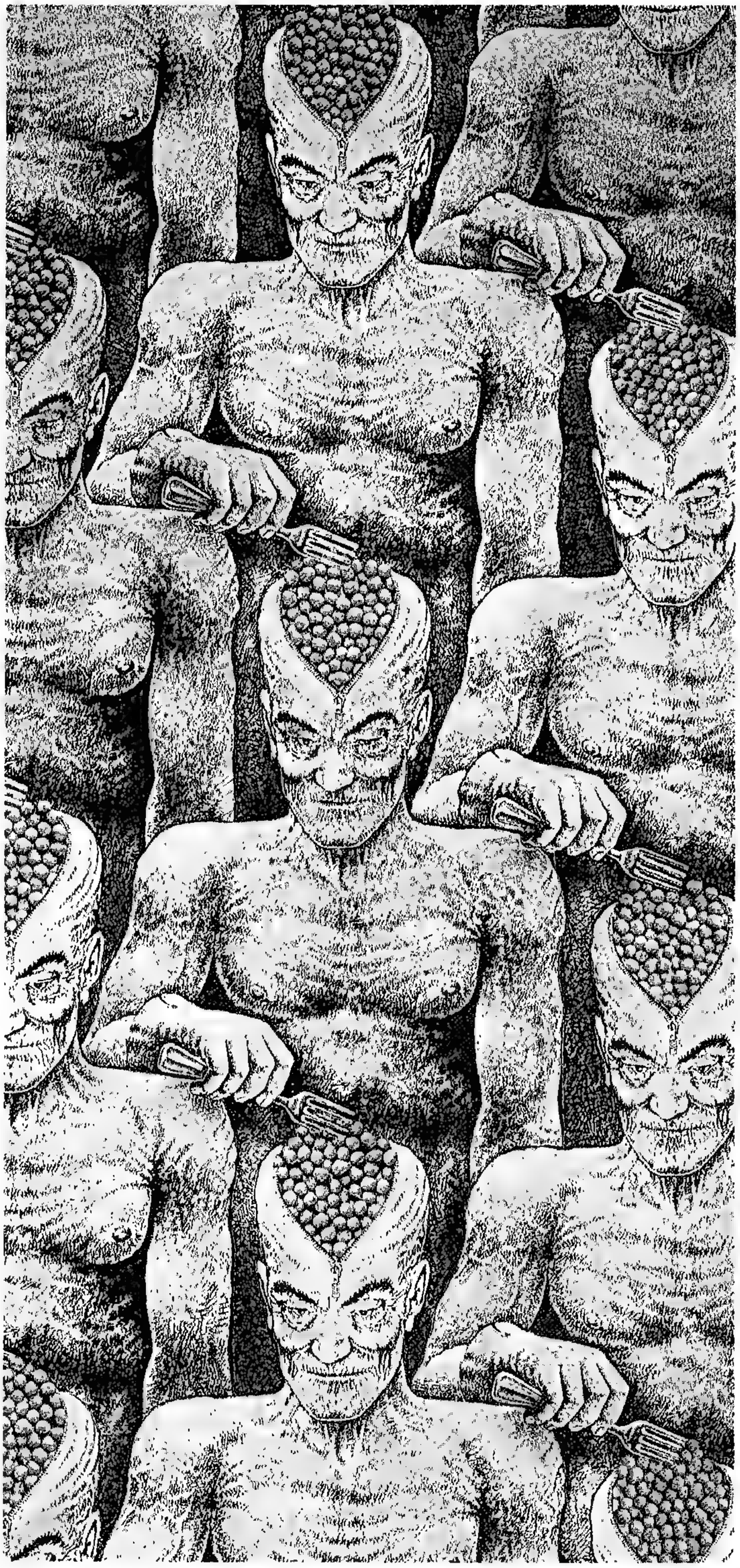
"He should allow a white streak to come through the hair-dye job for the frosted New Wave look. No more bottles of jelly beans on the table. Have him carry the damn things in a silver pillbox. Lard his supply with those candy 'ludes.

"Open up the president's round of social appearances. Let's have some new footage of him dropping a few thou at the tables in Sinatra's new Vegas casino. Install a hot tub in the White House and have him entertain foreign visitors California style; an ideal opportunity has already been missed during the Thatcher visit. Have the thing ready for Indira Gandhi. Invite Cheech and Chong to perform at the Executive Mansion. He should get carried out of an embassy party dead drunk. Arrange to have the president romantically linked with Jackie Kennedy. He should be seen at CBGB, Max's Kansas City, and Pussycat theaters.

"Have one or more of the presidential offspring busted for dope. Have *Caligula* screened at the White House. Give Roman Polanski a pardon and make him head of the USIA. Reagan should do a cameo appearance in the next Ken Russell movie.

"Fire all the current scriptwriters and hire Richard Pryor, Don Rickles, Harlan Ellison, Terry Southern, Hunter Thompson, and Charles Bukowski.

"Admittedly these changes are somewhat drastic and story credibility may become strained. But we are fortunate in having in the White House not some political amateur like Harry Truman or Dwight



Eisenhower but a real trouper like Ronald Reagan, an old pro, who has acted in everything from Westerns to low comedies, from sports stories to highbrow Hemingway flicks, and who has played heavies as well as heroes, clowns as well as killers. Surely he will have no trouble with this new script, given a decent director.

"Of course, these movie stars have been known to get temperamental, and if there are problems on the set, make it clear that the part could be recast, and leak rumors that Lee Marvin may be available."

It is not clear whether this report was meant to be leaked as a trial balloon, or whether its recommendations have yet been adopted by President Reagan's political advisers. It hardly matters, for the political logic makes such a scenario inevitable before 1984. Let skeptics remember that Ronald Reagan began his political role as a liberal Democrat. By 1984, the Year of Big Brother, he should be a hot candidate for an Oscar in his new part as champion of America's Immoral Majority.

She can be found in HEAVY METAL magazine

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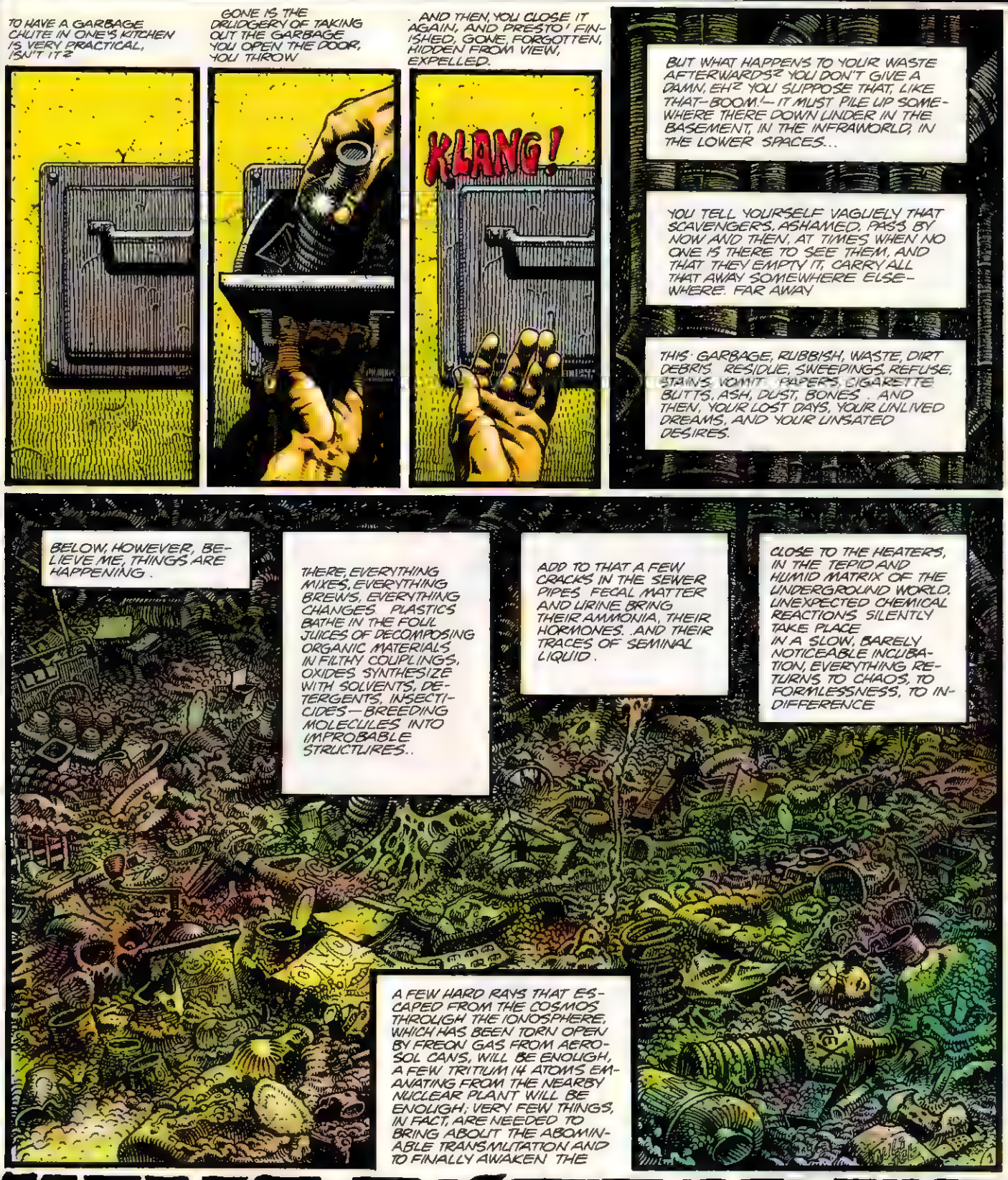

TO HAVE A GARBAGE CHUTE IN ONE'S KITCHEN IS VERY PRACTICAL, ISN'T IT?
GONE IS THE DRUDGERY OF TAKING OUT THE GARBAGE YOU OPEN THE DOOR, YOU THROW
. AND THEN, YOU CLOSE IT AGAIN, AND PRESTO! FINISHED, GONE, FORGOTTEN, HIDDEN FROM VIEW, EXPELLED.
KLANG!
BUT WHAT HAPPENS TO YOUR WASTE AFTERWARDS? YOU DON'T GIVE A DAMN, EH? YOU SUPPOSE THAT, LIKE THAT—BOOM!—IT MUST PILE UP SOMEWHERE THERE DOWN UNDER IN THE BASEMENT, IN THE INFRAWORLD, IN THE LOWER SPACES...
YOU TELL YOURSELF VAGUELY THAT SCAVENGERS, ASHAMED, PASS BY NOW AND THEN, AT TIMES WHEN NO ONE IS THERE TO SEE THEM, AND THAT THEY EMPTY IT, CARRY ALL THAT AWAY SOMEWHERE ELSE—WHERE. FAR AWAY
THIS: GARBAGE, RUBBISH, WASTE, DIRT DEBRIS, RESIDUE, SWEEPINGS, REFUSE, STAINS, VOMIT, PAPERS, CIGARETTE BUTTS, ASH, DUST, BONES . AND THEN, YOUR LOST DAYS, YOUR UNLIVED DREAMS, AND YOUR UNSATED DESIRES.
BELOW, HOWEVER, BELIEVE ME, THINGS ARE HAPPENING .
THERE, EVERYTHING MIXES, EVERYTHING BREWS, EVERYTHING CHANGES PLASTICS BATHE IN THE FOUL JUICES OF DECOMPOSING ORGANIC MATERIALS IN FILTHY COUPLINGS, OXIDES SYNTHESIZE WITH SOLVENTS, DETERGENTS, INSECTICIDES—BREEDING MOLECULES INTO IMPROBABLE STRUCTURES..
ADD TO THAT A FEW CRACKS IN THE SEWER PIPES FECAL MATTER AND URINE, BRING THEIR AMMONIA, THEIR HORMONES. AND THEIR TRACES OF SEMINAL LIQUID .
CLOSE TO THE HEATERS, IN THE TEPID AND HUMID MATRIX OF THE UNDERGROUND WORLD, UNEXPECTED CHEMICAL REACTIONS SILENTLY TAKE PLACE IN A SLOW, BARELY NOTICEABLE INCUBATION, EVERYTHING RETURNS TO CHAOS, TO FORMLESSNESS, TO INDIFFERENCE
A FEW HARD RAYS THAT ESCAPED FROM THE COSMOS THROUGH THE IONOSPHERE, WHICH HAS BEEN TORN OPEN BY FREON GAS FROM AEROSOL CANS, WILL BE ENOUGH, A FEW TRITIUM 14 ATOMS EMANATING FROM THE NEARBY NUCLEAR PLANT WILL BE ENOUGH; VERY FEW THINGS, IN FACT, ARE NEEDED TO BRING ABOUT THE ABOMINABLE TRANSMUTATION AND TO FINALLY AWAKEN THE

HOMO DETRITUS

NINE O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING, IN A CITY ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD, AT THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. MARCEL MIQUELON, APARTMENT 421, BUILDING 16, STAIRWELL C
BURP!
SUDDENLY!
AAAAAAA
YVONNE!
AAAAAA!
YVONNE!
GOOD GOD! GOOD GOD!
AAAA
2

YVONNE!
SAY SOMETHING!
GLOUB
BLOUB
BLOC
BUT BUT IT'S ALIVE!
GLOP!
BLUP
NO!
PAPA!
GAAA
MAMAN!
PAPA!!
BLOC
GLURE
NON NO
GARGLEU
AND UNDER A PALE MOON IN THIS DESERTED WORLD ONE CAN HEAR THE MORBID ECHO OF THE SUBURBANITES' AGONY...
EEEE

AT THAT SAME MOMENT, OR JUST ABOUT, THIS SAME HORROR UNDOUBTEDLY TOOK PLACE ON EVERY FLOOR OF THE BUILDING... EVEN IN MY APARTMENT.
BUT I WAS ON MY GUARD! IN THIS BEST OF WORLDS IN WHICH WE LIVE, IT IS NECESSARY TO BE A LITTLE PARANOID· A QUESTION OF SURVIVAL!...
AND BESIDES, I HAVE VERY LITTLE GARBAGE AND THEN, I LIVE ON THE TOP FLOOR... PERHAPS THAT EXPLAINS WHY I GOT ONLY THE WEAK END OF THE WAVE...
ARGH!
SLICT!
THIS IS HOW IT HAPPENED!
OUTSIDE!
MIQUE-LON?
CHLIKA
GLIP
CHOKE!
AUGH
GRASP
DEEP DOWN, I LOVED HIM DEARLY
POOR MARCEL!
THE IDIOT!
CREEPY
ON THE FLOORS BELOW, I DIDN'T STOP: I KNEW ONLY TOO WELL WHAT WAS HAPPENING BEHIND THE CLOSED DOORS IT WAS ENOUGH TO HEAR THE ABJECT GARGLINGS AND THE BLASPHEMOUS CLAMOR THAT SPURTED FORTH AT EACH LANDING... NOT TO SPEAK OF THE PESTILENTIAL MUSTINESS THAT POISONED THE ATMOSPHERE... I DIDN'T STOP.. I HAD ONLY ONE THOUGHT: TO GET OUT!

HOWEVER, ON THE GROUND FLOOR, I HESITATED... OF COURSE, I SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN OUT IMMEDIATELY, LEFT, ESCAPED WITHOUT LOOKING BACK.

BUT MY CURIOSITY WAS STRONGER THE STAIRS PLUNGED TOWARD THE DEEP DARKNESS OF THE SUBJACENT WORLD... I WENT DOWN.

THUS I OPENED THE DOOR TO THE ABYSSES. THEN I DISCOVERED THE CAVE WHERE THE UNNAMEABLE LIVED... AND LIVED WRETCHEDLY.

A SWELLING WAVE FILLED THE UNDERGROUND. AN OBSCURE MUD SPLASHED UNWHOLESOME PHOSPHORESCENTS. A ROTTING SWAMP. A PURULENT VESSEL HIDEOUSLY ANIMATED BY AN UNCERTAIN SURGE... A MIRE FROM WHICH EMERGED VISCERAL FORMS, QUASI-ANTHROPOMORPHIC OUTGROWTHS, IN AN ODIOUS PARODY OF HUMANITY... THE STENCH WAS UNBELIEVABLE

THE THING SEEMED TO BE EXHAUSTED. ITS EFFORTS TO CLIMB UP AGAIN FROM THE DEPTHS AND TO INVADE THE UPPER FLOORS HAD DRAINED ITS HARDLY BORN STRENGTHS. ALREADY THE MAGMA FELL BACK, CARRYING ONCE AGAIN NEW, INDESCRIBABLY REPUGNANT REFUSE. ABOUT A HUNDRED AVERAGE SUBURBANITES WERE IN THE PROCESS OF BEING DIGESTED. GARBAGE BECOMING GARBAGE AGAIN.

. AND THEN FROM THE FILTHY PILE A HAWKING VOICE ROSE UP.. IN A LANGUAGE THAT, STRANGELY, HAD NOTHING FOUL TO IT, THE ABSOLUTELY DISGUSTING ABOMINATION SPOKE!

WEAKNESS. WEAKNESS... FATIGUE.. NEED..MORE... ENERGY... FOOD...MORE...A LITTLE MORE SUBSTANCE AND I WILL HAVE YOU ALL.. EVEN YOU, LITTLE MAN... YOU TRIED IN VAIN NOT TO CONSUME TOO MUCH...YOU LIVED IN VAIN ON THE TOP FLOOR, WITH YOUR HEAD IN THE STARS. I'LL ALSO HAVE YOU... I'LL HAVE ALL OF YOU...

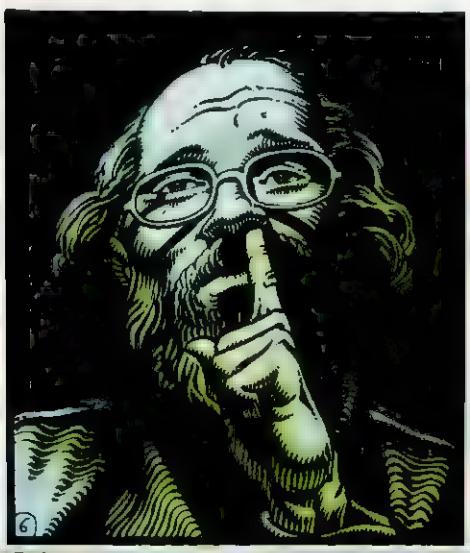
. I'M NO LONGER MISSING VERY MUCH...STILL A LITTLE FOOD...STILL A LITTLE MORE ENERGY, AND I'LL RECOVER MY UNSTEADY STRENGTH. .

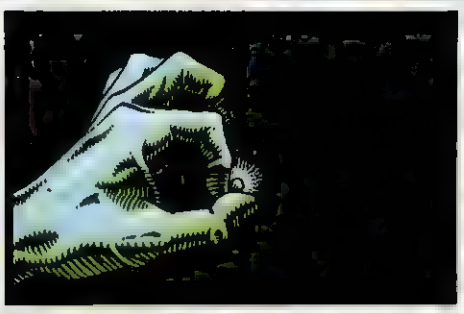
SOON.. SOON...I WILL JOIN TOGETHER WITH THE UNDERGROUND OF THE NEIGHBORING BUILDING...THEN WITH THE NEXT ONE...THEN WITH ALL THE OTHERS... MORE AND MORE FROM BASEMENT TO BASEMENT..FROM SUBURB TO SUBURB. FROM COUNTRY TO COUNTRY.

SO, LIKE A SINGLE BEING, WE WILL GET UP! WE WILL GET UP IN ORDER TO FEED ON YOUR UNHEALTHY FLESH, IN ORDER TO DESTROY YOU, TO SWALLOW UP THIS WORLD AND REMAKE IT IN THE IMAGE OF CHAOS.

HERE COMES THE END OF MAN... AS THE DINOSAURS GREW EXTINCT, NOW HOMO SAPIENS WILL PASS AWAY. AND HERE WILL BE THE SUCCESSOR THAT HE HAS BRED: HERE IS MAN-GARBAGE—**HOMO DETRITUS**

DURING HIS SPEECH, SINCE I WAS A LITTLE BORED, I MADE, I ADMIT IT, AN UNFORTUNATE GESTURE.





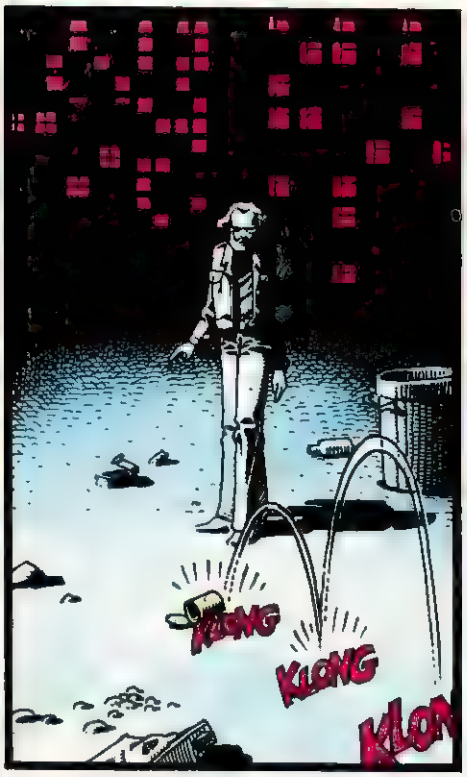
FATAL ERROR!.. WE MUST ASSUME THAT IT WAS EXACTLY THE PARTICLE OF MATERIAL THAT IT WAS MISSING!

JUST THE ENERGY IT NEEDED IN ORDER TO BUILD UP ITS STRENGTH... JUST WHAT IT NEEDED TO UNLEASH ITSELF!!!

WRATH
FRROOU
HOG!
ARTH!
MY GOD, WHAT DID I DO?
IT'S GOING TO BRING EVERYTHING DOWN, THE MONSTER!

AH, IT'S GOOD TO SMASH EVERYTHING AGAIN.
KRA-A-A-KAK-KAK-KAK

.. THUS ENDS BUILDING BLOCK 16, WHICH, FOR A FEW GLOOMY YEARS, HAD SHELTERED IN ITS...



.CONCRETE-ARMED, WALLPAPERED FLANKS A FEW SOFT SUBURBANITES, THEIR TELEVISIONS, THEIR WIVES...

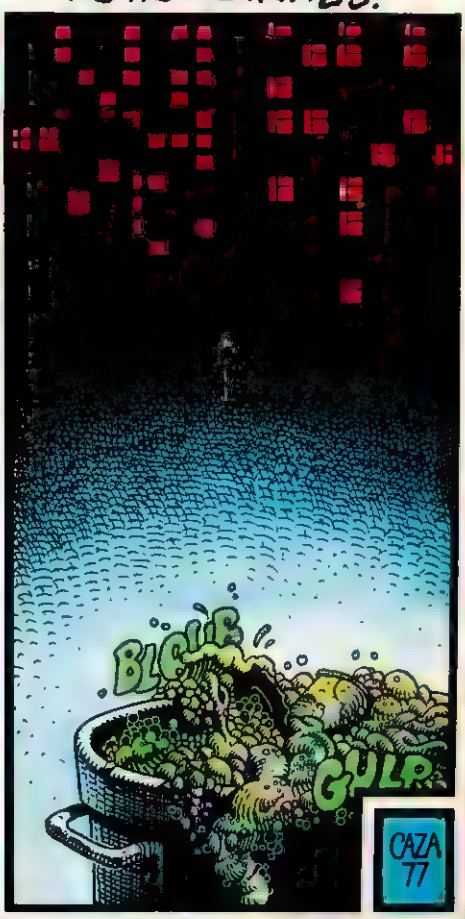
.. THEIR CHILDREN, AND THEN THEIR LOST DAYS, THEIR UNLIVED DREAMS, THEIR UNSATED DESIRES ..

AND WITH IT DISAPPEARED FOREVER THE DEGENERATED FRUITS OF ITS ENTRAILS, THE EVIL ENTITY, THE OBSCENE CREATURE THAT HOPED TO SEND..

. MAN BACK TO THE GARBAGE OF EVOLUTION AND REIGN IN ITS PLACE IN THE SUBURBS, THE CITIES, AND THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE .

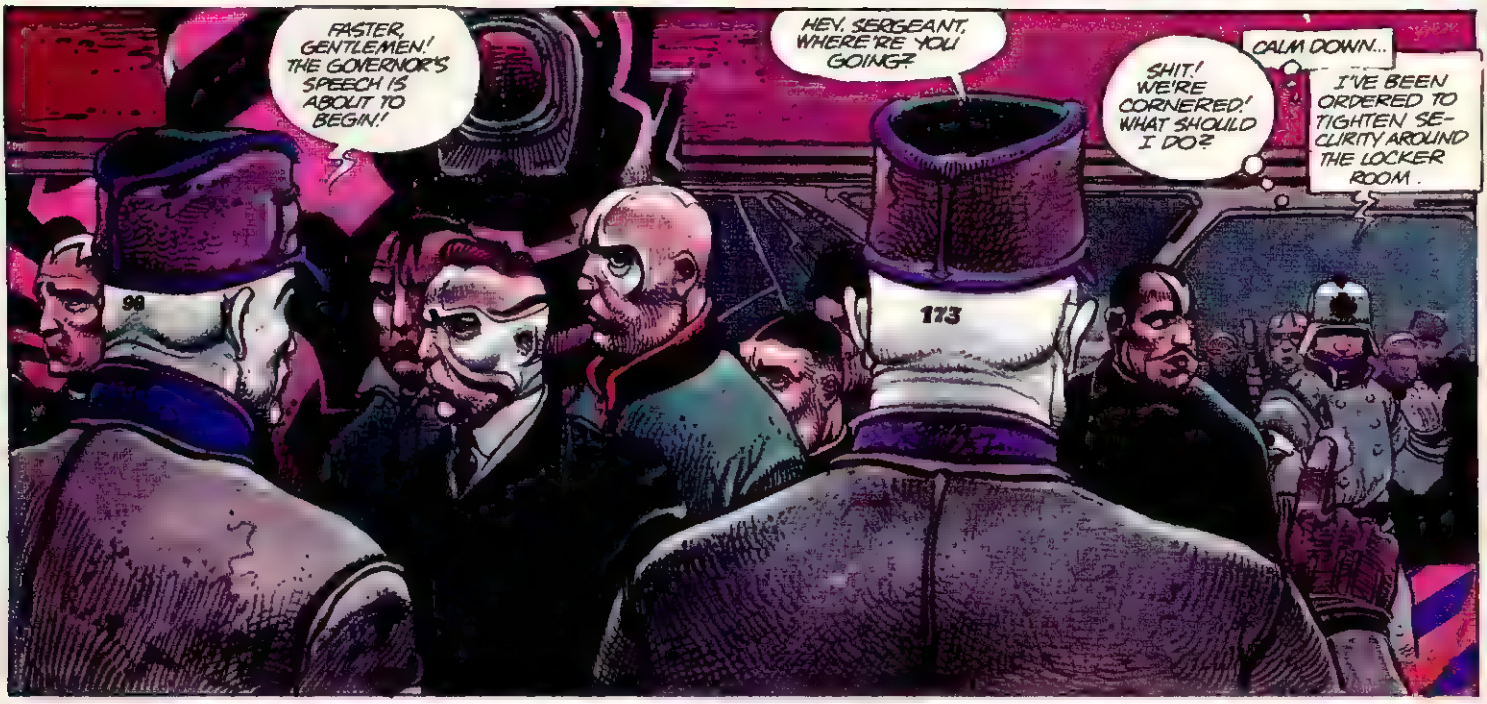
. THUS FINISHES MAN-PILE, MAN-CANKER, MAN-GARBAGE

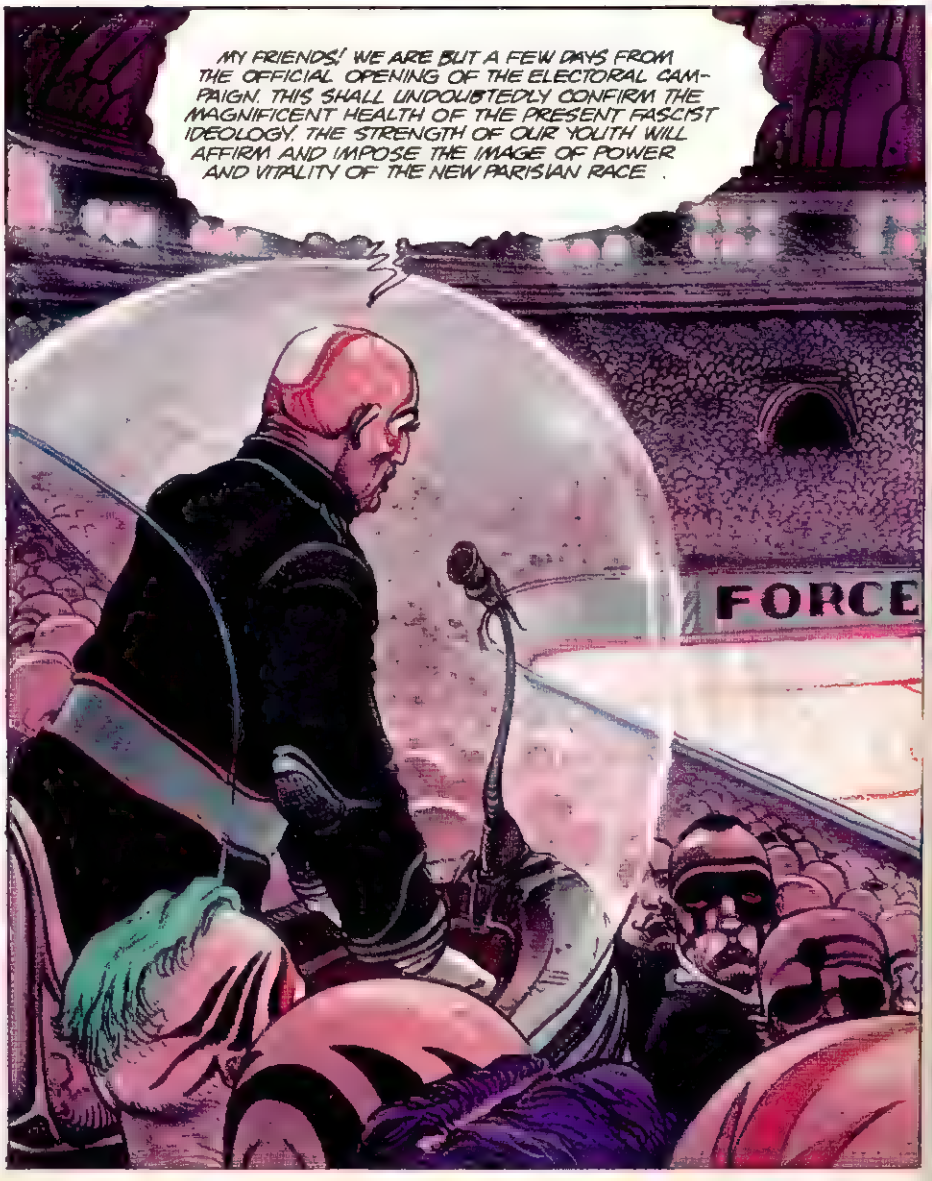
HOMO DETRITUS!

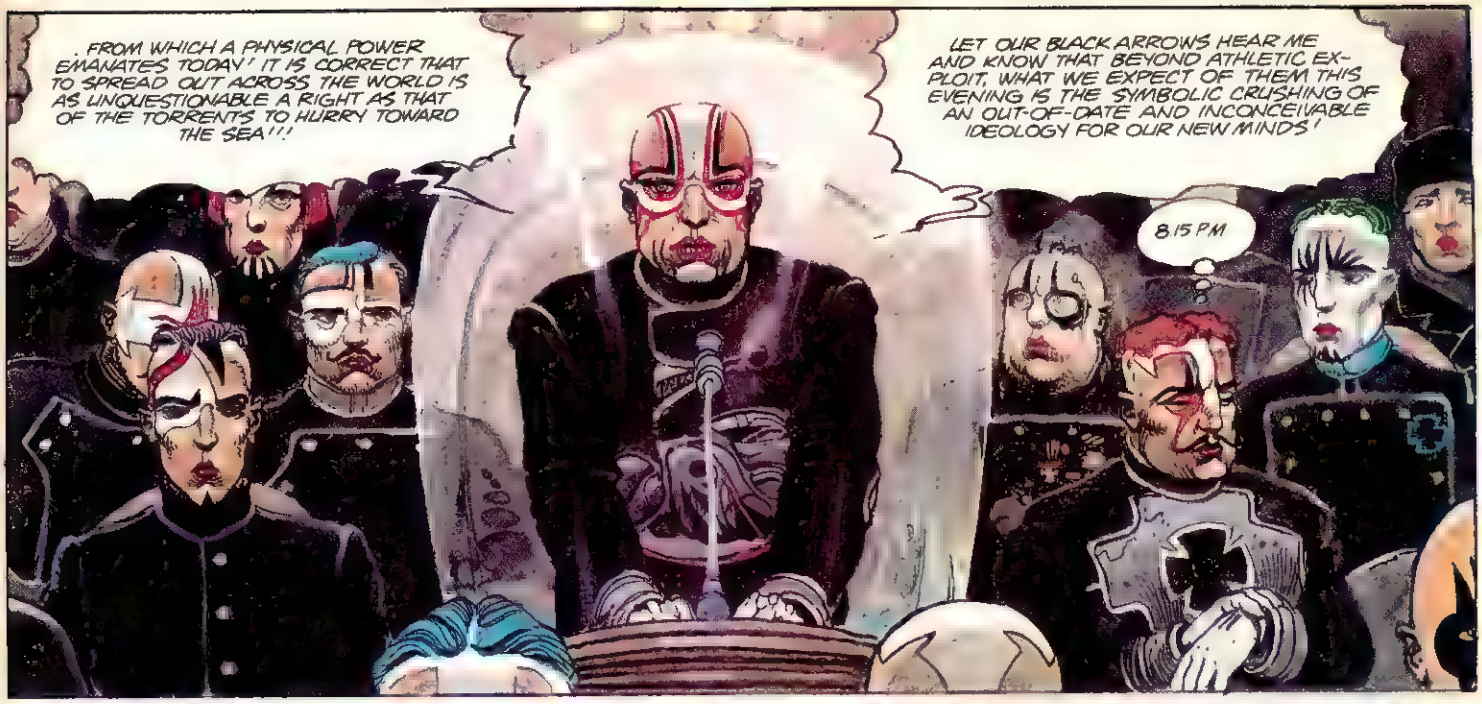


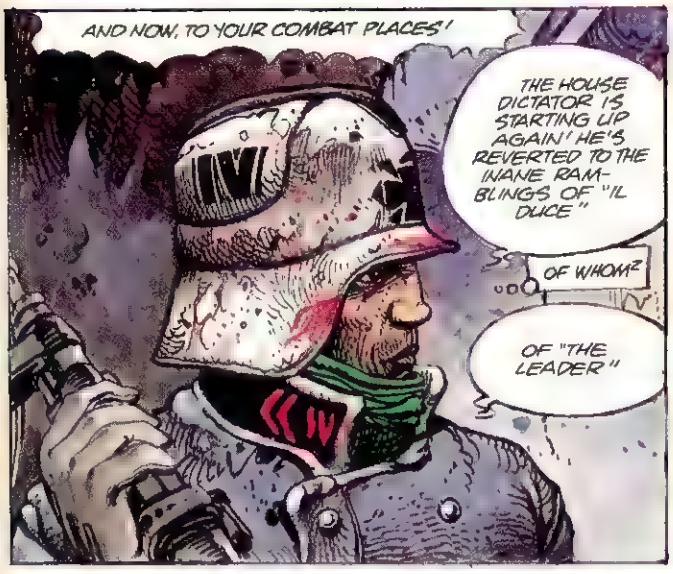
THE IMMORTALS' FETE

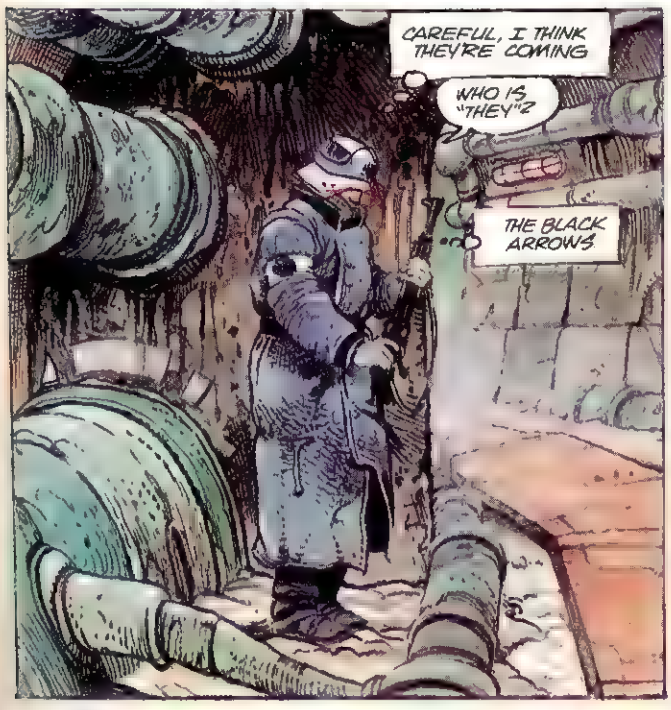
Alc de Nikopol frozen in space for thirty years has returned to find twenty-first-century Paris both different and the same Political and social conditions have evolved with historical logic to their predictable extremes A group of immortals modeled on the ancient Egyptian deities have chosen the time of elections to take over the government To this end one of them Horus has actually occupied Nikopol s mortal body


FASTER, GENTLEMEN! THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!
HEY, SERGEANT, WHERE'RE YOU GOING?
SHIT! WE'RE CORNERED! WHAT SHOULD I DO?
CALM DOWN...
I'VE BEEN ORDERED TO TIGHTEN SECURITY AROUND THE LOCKER ROOM.
99
173

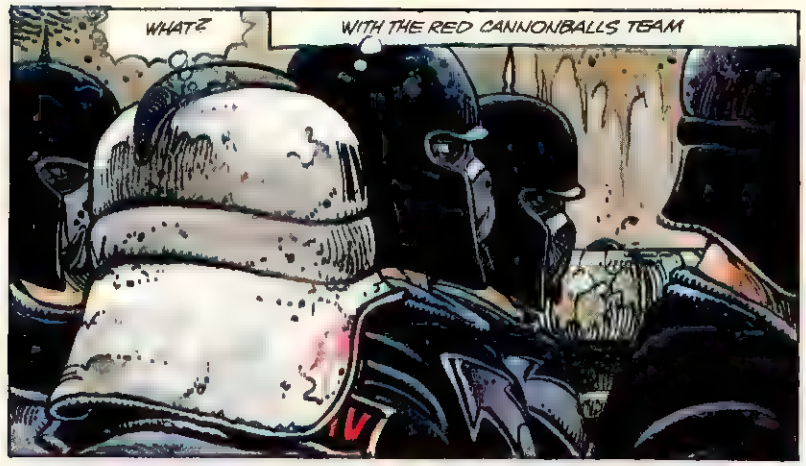

MY FRIENDS! WE ARE BUT A FEW DAYS FROM THE OFFICIAL OPENING OF THE ELECTORAL CAMPAIGN. THIS SHALL UNDOUBTEDLY CONFIRM THE MAGNIFICENT HEALTH OF THE PRESENT FASCIST IDEOLOGY. THE STRENGTH OF OUR YOUTH WILL AFFIRM AND IMPOSE THE IMAGE OF POWER AND VITALITY OF THE NEW PARISIAN RACE.
FORCE


. FROM WHICH A PHYSICAL POWER EMANATES TODAY! IT IS CORRECT THAT TO SPREAD OUT ACROSS THE WORLD IS AS UNQUESTIONABLE A RIGHT AS THAT OF THE TORRENTS TO HURRY TOWARD THE SEA!!!
LET OUR BLACK ARROWS HEAR ME AND KNOW THAT BEYOND ATHLETIC EXPLOIT, WHAT WE EXPECT OF THEM THIS EVENING IS THE SYMBOLIC CRUSHING OF AN OUT-OF-DATE AND INCONCEIVABLE IDEOLOGY FOR OUR NEW MINDS!
8.15 P.M.

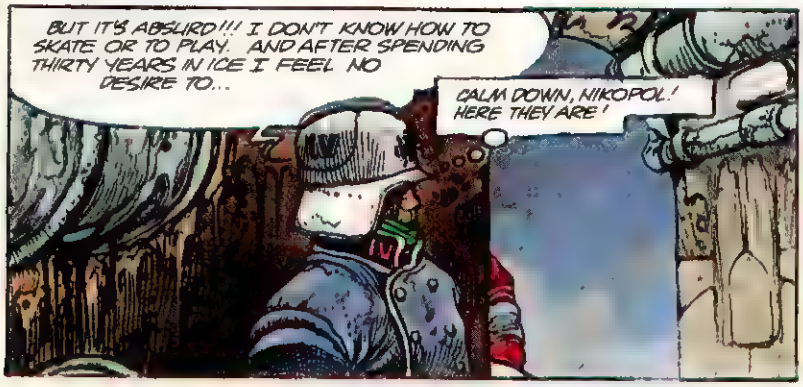

AND NOW, TO YOUR COMBAT PLACES!
THE HOUSE DICTATOR IS STARTING UP AGAIN! HE'S REVERTED TO THE INANE RAMBLINGS OF "IL DUCE"
OF WHOM?
OF "THE LEADER"


CAREFUL, I THINK THEY'RE COMING
WHO IS "THEY"?
THE BLACK ARROWS

GOOD GOD, IS IT THEY? THE ICE-HOCKEY PLAYERS? WE'RE GOING TO A HOCKEY GAME!?
WE ARE GOING TO TAKE PART, NIKOPOL.

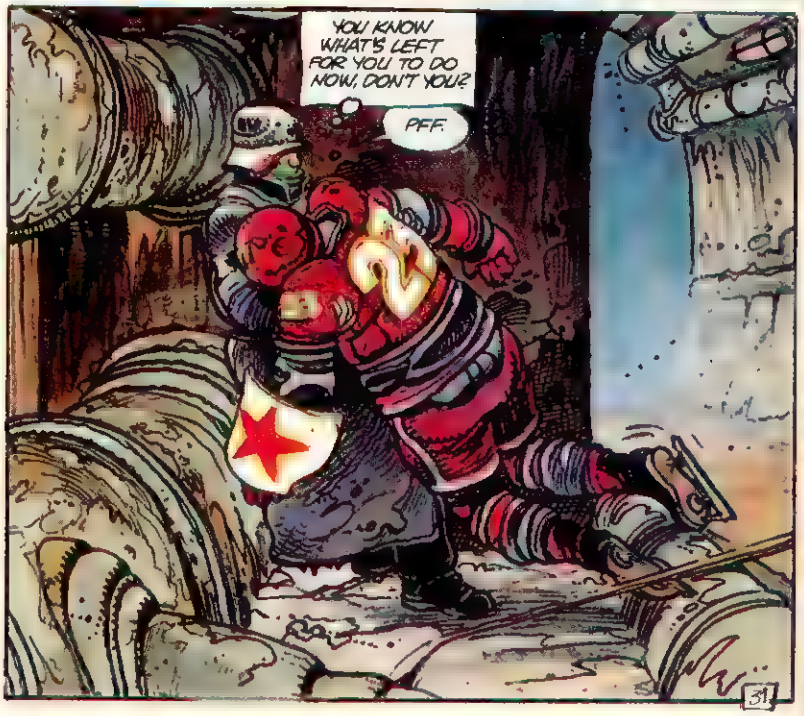

WHAT?
WITH THE RED CANNONBALLS TEAM

Б
Б
Б
17
11
9
СССР
11


BUT IT'S ABSURD!!! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO SKATE OR TO PLAY. AND AFTER SPENDING THIRTY YEARS IN ICE I FEEL NO DESIRE TO...
CALM DOWN, NIKOPOL! HERE THEY ARE!

A SLOWPOKE. PERFECT
Б
СССР
23

ЧТО?!
Б


YOU KNOW WHAT'S LEFT FOR YOU TO DO NOW, DON'T YOU?
PFF.

8:38 P.M.
ONLY TWENTY-TWO MINUTES LEFT, HA, HA!
THE BLACK ARROWS OF PARIS, 2, THE RED CANNONBALLS OF BRATISLAVA, 0
8:45 P.M.
STILL A QUARTER OF AN HOUR
BLACK ARROWS, 3, RED CANNONBALLS, 0 ONE PLAYER IS DEAD, ONE SERIOUSLY WOUNDED
8:56 P.M.
IN FOUR MINUTES
BLACK ARROWS, 3, ONE CRITICALLY WOUNDED, RED CANNONBALLS, 1, ONE DEAD AND TWO WOUNDED.
AAARGH!
PARIS
18

8 59 52 P.M...
7, 6, 5, 4
3, 2, 1
ZERO
AAAAH
POOR IMBECILE
9 07 P.M. AFTER A MOMENTARY INTERRUPTION, COMBAT CAN RESUME. THE RED CANNON-BALLS, COMPLETELY DECIMATED, PUT THEIR LAST REPLACEMENTS INTO BATTLE.
NUMBER 23, ZNITEZTE NEBO ZEMRETE!!!
I'M GOING TO DISCONNECT YOU, NIKOPOL FOR SAFETY'S SAKE.
THAT'S FINE WITH ME!
17
23
СССР
23
18
5

9:19.. A SUDDEN CHANGE HAS OCCURRED AMIDST A SILENCE OF SHOCK AND SCRAPING ICE... THE RED CANNONBALLS HAVE EXPERIENCED AN INCREDIBLE COMEBACK!
THIS 23 IS HELL! WE HAVE TO GET HIM DOWN!
DEAD!
PARIS 3
B.R. BRATISL. 4
BUTEURS
BUTEURS
BUT HOW CAN THEY ELIMINATE A GOD ENDOWED WITH SUPERPOWERS?
IT'S A STUPID GAME, BUT FAIRLY ENGAGING TOWARDS THE END.
KLING
THIS 23 INTRIGUES ME THERE'S SOMETHING INHUMAN ABOUT HIM!
YES, HIS STRENGTH IS UNCOMMON FOR SURE, AND INCOMPATIBLE WITH THE PITIFUL RACES FROM AROUND HERE
I WONDER IF HORUS HASN'T OVERSTEPPED HIS RIGHTS BY TAKING POSSESSION OF A HUMAN BODY!... I HAVE A FEELING THIS JUST MIGHT BE THE CASE..
TO BE CONTINUED

CODY STARBUCK
Last time Cody rescued the fiercely ungrateful Lady Tessa from bar barian attackers. Her hostility toward him was based on her earlier en counter with his ev look-alike. Cody resolved then to track down this doppelganger. On the planet 1026 he found him!
MAN, YOU'RE LOOKING FOR IS IN THE ARYAN BAR. WHERE'S MY TWENTY?
THERE HE IS, WITH THE SLUT AT THE BACKGAMMON TABLE.
COVER ME.
DON'T TOUCH THE CHAIR WHEN I'M IN!
OH, CHRIST-
FIGHT! FIGHT!

HANDS IN YOUR POCKETS, FOLKS. THIS ONE IS PRIVATE.
GET THE LAW..
THESE TWO ARE TWINS... FAMILY FEUD.
HE'S GOT A GUN—

WELL, OUR AUDIENCE IS GONE. LET'S HAUL THE CARCASS OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE POLICE ARRIVE
UHHH... CODY. THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW
HE'S A CLONE. .
WHAT!?
IN THE SERVICE OF PROMETHELIS.
A moment of dark, speechless fury, then . .
LET'S GO. LEAVE THE BODY HERE.

Keefer's guide lists this world as Torres Prime Men call it Prometheus
Her surface is covered by a global city of glass and steel, inhabited by a happy, affluent people
On her equator, among a sprawl of plants and clone factories, stands the crystal palace, home of the hereditary ruler of Clan Prometheus
Lady Rowena Glance, XXXth in her line to bear the name Empress of the Combine
LADY ROWENA, OUR ARRANGEMENT HAS MET WITH QUALIFIED SUCCESS
ON DAKAR, THE GLOBAL CONQUEST OF THE LOCAL WARLORD HAS DRIVEN A NUMBER OF SHEEP BACK TO THE FOLD, BUT
AND AS ALWAYS, MY FIRST CONCERN IS THE DISINTEGRATION OF DAX. I WILL CALL YOU WHEN I HAVE FURTHER REPORTS OUT
ENOUGH, EMINENCE WE ALL HAVE PROBLEMS. THESE LITTLE CONFLICTS WE ORCHESTRATE TAKE TIME
AH, MY ... IT'S SO DEPRESSING TO SEE THE CHURCH IN SO SORRY A STATE—REDUCED TO PAYING A FORTUNE TO OUR CORRUPT LITTLE COMPANY FOR RELIGIOUS PROMOTION
THEY ARE OUR LARGEST SINGLE ACCOUNT, HOWEVER, AND THE MORE THEY PAY US TO FOMENT THESE LITTLE WARS, THE MORE MARKETS WE HAVE FOR ANDROID LABOR AFTER THE SMOKE CLEARS
AND THE MORE IT CAN AFFORD TO PRODUCE AND SUPPORT YOU, MY ADORING IMAGE
SHALL WE SWIM?

Prometheus Starport
crossroads of the galaxy
STEADY ON, CODY! NO SCENES. NOW PATIENCE.
WHERE TO?
JUST OUTSIDE THE PALACE GROUNDS
YOU'RE CODY STARBUCK, AREN'T YOU? MAN, I ENVY YOU. I DON'T GET OFF WORLD MUCH THESE DAYS
WAN THE BONFIRE ON ANGEL'S CREST?
MOURNERS. WEIRD STORY. COUPLE WEEKS AGO, A PILGRIMAGE FROM SOME FORGOTTEN PLANET. DON'T RECALL THE NAME.
Anyway, they were killed by this big redhead no offense, ma'am
Anyway, they picketed the palace, looking for an audience with Lady Rowena. When the troops came out to disperse the crowd, the redhead attacks the commander
They grabbed her & executed her that night. What's wrong?
STEADY, CODY
IS ME ALL RIGHT?
STEADY, NOW
TO BE CONTINUED

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL 1977: Sorry — SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY 1977: Russian astronauts, "Roger the paranoid puppet, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more. ($4.00)

#3/JUNE 1977: Macedo's "Rockblitz," the highly praised "Shells," the beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bode, more. ($3.00)

#4/JULY 1977: Lots of Moebius: "Arzach, plus part one of "The Long Tomorrow"; also the final installment of "Sunpot." ($3.00)

#5/AUGUST 1977: The saga of "Polonius' begins, "The Long Tomorrow' concludes, and "World Apart' and 'Den' continue ($3.00)

#6/SEPTEMBER 1977: Roger Zelazny has a short story and Moebius, a space opera; plus more "World Apart," 'Den," and "Polonius." ($3.00)

#7/OCTOBER 1977: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again, yet more. ($3.00)

#8/NOVEMBER 1977: New Harlan Ellison fiction, nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart." ($3.00)

#9/DECEMBER 1977: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz" by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool" by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color contributions from Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius. ($3.00)

#10/JANUARY 1978: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies' concludes, "Den" continues ($3.00)

#11/FEBRUARY 1978: New adventures of "Barbarella," wraparound cover and center spread by Nino plus Moebius, Corben, et al. ($3.00)

#12/MARCH 1978: Swashbuckling "Orion" makes a debut courtesy of Gray Morrow and there's more 'Barbarella," more "Urm," and yet more "Den." ($3.00)

#13/APRIL 1978: Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from "Paradise 9," and "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up. ($3.00)

#14/MAY 1978: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat. ($3.00)

#15/JUNE 1978: Corben introduces Shahrazad Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella, ' and the origins of "Heilman." ($3.00)

#16/JULY 1978: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," the resumption of Druillet's "Gail," and yet more "Heilman, ' "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights." ($3.00)

#17/AUGUST 1978: Sorry — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER 1978: Corben's "Sindbad,' Moebius's Major, "Heilman," "Orion," "Lone Sloane on Gail," and Harlan Ellison too ($3.00)

#19/OCTOBER 1978: 'Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," the debut of McKie's 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus the usual. ($3.00)

#20/NOVEMBER 1978: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator,' Major Grubert, "Heilman" 's final rebirth, more. ($3.00)

#21/DECEMBER 1978: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius ($3.00)

#22/JANUARY 1979: Trina makes her debut here, and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben How much can you take? ($3.00)

#23/FEBRUARY 1979: "Galactic Geographic, ' 'Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad,' McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous " plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo ($3.00)

#24/MARCH 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II and Ellison's late show ($3.00)

#25/APRIL 1979: Our second birthday bash with Chaykin and Wein's "Gideon Faust,' the "Alien' portfolio, and Val Mayerik's "Time Out." And much more ($3.00)

#26/MAY 1979: It's all-American (except for Druillet's 'Dancin' " and a Proust joke): fifteen entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien " ($3.00)

#27/JUNE 1979: Fifty-four pages of "Captain Future," plus more illustrated "Alien," and the final episode of 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous," ($3.00)

#28/JULY 1979: Bodé's 'Zooks' premieres, Corben's 'Sindbad' concludes Morrow and Moebius continue Mike Hinge debuts ($3.00)

#29/AUGUST 1979: Caza steals the show with 'New Ark City," plus Mayerik Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more ($3.00)

#30/SEPTEMBER 1979: 'Elric,' "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius. ($3.00)

#31/OCTOBER 1979: Halloween strikes with a tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam others ($3.00)

#32/NOVEMBER 1979: Let us give thanks for Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination,' Moebius, and more ($3.00)

#33/DECEMBER 1979: A Christmas package from Caza Corben, Kofoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes' and "Giants. ' ($3.00)

#34/JANUARY 1980: A new year — *a new decade* — begins with a new look for *HM* with the debut of four new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan the conclusion of Corben's 'Rowlf," and much more! ($3.00)

#35/FEBRUARY 1980: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this winter issue. Corben's 'The Beast of Wolfton' begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip ($3.00)

#36/MARCH 1980: Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? For the answer read the Schuiten Bros strip! Plus, Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's 'Good Vibrations " ($3.00)

#37/APRIL 1980: Our third anniversary issue — 32 pages of "Champakou' in living color, the final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben Bode — and more! ($3.00)

#38/MAY 1980: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will 'Champakou' reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too? Take a look We'll never tell ($3.00)

#39/JUNE 1980: "Champakou" meets his fate, while Captain Sternn" saves the day And in their revenge, the Flying Wallendas vs the Earth! ($3.00)

#40/JULY 1980: "The Alchemist Supreme' continues with Axle learning the truth about his sidekick Musky Bilal's "Progress!" begins, and Moebius returns with 'Shore Leave, ' ($3.00)

#41/AUGUST 1980: Druillet returns with the first installment of 'Salammbo" while Moebius concludes Shore Leave" (and is interviewed) Bilal continues "Progress!" ($3.00)

#42/SEPTEMBER 1980: "The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bilal's "Progress!" picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, and Leo Duranona all contribute nifty shorts, while "Rock Opera' gets stranger yet. ($3.00)

#43/OCTOBER 1980: Our Special Rock Issue packed with goodies by McKie, Moebius, Voss, Spain, Druillet Yeates, He, Howarth, Kierkegaard, Jr., Colon, and Matena, and not to be missed! ($3.00)

#44/NOVEMBER 1980: With the *Shogun* spirit ablaze, this issue's cover, by Hajime Sorayama, is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Claveloux Moebius Kaluta, Springett, and Bilal ($3.00)

#45/DECEMBER 1980: Premiering Corben's illustrated "Broodstar," Crepax's "Valentina,' and Godard and Ribera's "What Is Reality, Papa?" Plus 'The Cutter of the Fog," "Rock Opera," and Moebius! ($3.00)

#46/JANUARY 1981: Jeronaton returns with 'Woman " Don Wood makes his *HM* debut with "Bang Hah." Plus more Corben, Godard and Ribera, Mezieres, and Rock Opera " Moebius tells us "There is a Prince Charming on Phenixon!" Don't miss it! ($3.00)

Collage by **Larry Lanoff**

#47/FEBRUARY 1981: William S. Burroughs discusses Civilian Defense, while Rick Veitch shares with us his experiences at this year's Lucca fest. 'The Horny Goof' an inimitable Moebius character gets himself in and outta trouble while 'Bloodstar,'' 'What Is Reality, Papa?' 'Salammbo'' and 'Rock Opera' continue. Plus: Special added attraction! Pages from Jeff Jones's new book *Yesterday's Lily*, and an interview with the man himself. Ah Magic. ($3.00)

#48/MARCH 1981: 'Tex Arcana,'' John Findley's epic Western begins. 'What Is Reality, Papa?' and 'The Ambassador of the Shadows'' continue. And Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic *Salammbo* comes to an end. Even with all of that going on, we still have room for Kierkegaard, Howarth and Corben's 'Bloodstar.' Plus: Harlan Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America. ($3.00)

#49/APRIL 1981: 'Art and the Nazis,' Corben's ''Bloodstar,'' Gimenez's 'Good-bye, Soldier!,'' Harry North's 'Stories from London,'' and an interview with Julio Ribera. Di'n't think we could do it in one shot, did ya? ($3.00)

#50/MAY 1981: The premieres of Chaykin's 'Cody Starbuck' and Bilal's 'The Immortals' Fete! Plus: Suydam's 'The Toll Bridge' and a William S. Burroughs piece on immortality. ($3.00)

#51/JUNE 1981: The first installment of the Richard Corben interview in view. Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres and Howarth's 'Changes' winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax and our own John Workman! ($3.00)

#52/JULY 1981: Stephen King terrifies with 'The Blue Air Compressor.' Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres while Chris Moore's fantastic pinup girl wraps it all up. ($3.00)

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HEAVY METAL

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ROCK OPERA
BY ROD KIERKEGAARD JR.
I hear they're opening a new diet resort down the beach--they're calling it the "Bobby Sands..."
Hey, what an audience! You should have been at Jonestown...
Boo! Boo!
Get lost, creep!
Young man, there's something I must say to you--
That was the most tasteless act I've ever seen!
Aw, drop dead!
Whyyy, I oughta--!
Hey-- we'll be late for the party!
MISS REHEARSAL PAGEANT PARTY

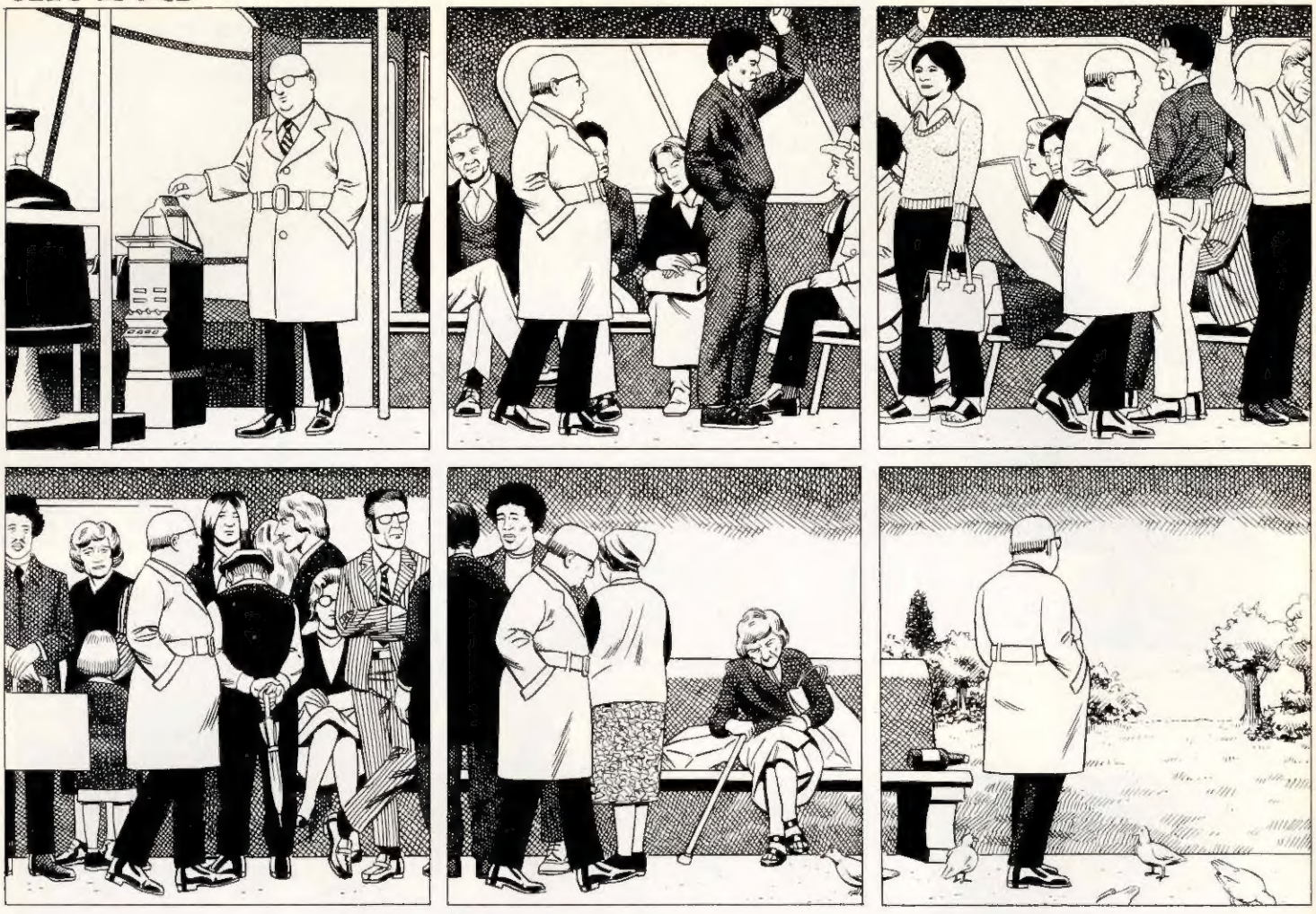
Hey, look what I found. Can we keep it?
Get lost!
Stuck-up bitch!
Now, look at all those girls in the pool...
Hey, girls, look at me!
Jeez, now I go!
Time for your bath.
HELP!
YIPPEE!

Hi-- remember me?
Miss Moral Nevada?
Oh, right-- that's the state where they cancelled the contest.
I'd do anything to win this pageant!
Listen, I thought maybe we could go up to your room and rehearse the Scripture Reading Event together.
Isn't that against the rules-- sort of?
I'll go get the key from my roommate.
There he is, Miss O'Troy! He's the one!
All right, buster--on your feet! You're through with this pageant!
Aww--can't anybody take a joke?
Out! Out! Take a hike, fella!
Hoo ha!

I'll get even with you, you hideously coiffed old ratbag!
MORAL HOTEL
Oh, God-- now I've screwed up everything.
The only thing I've ever liked is girls--
--and now I'm kicked off the pageant. I'll never get hired for another one.
I'm all washed up.
Maybe you ought to take up something else--like gynecology...What are you doing now?
I'm reading about rockets-- I told you I was going to get even with this pageant!
But if the organizers of the pageant were worried about Marty's threats of revenge, they didn't let it show.
Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to the excitement and tradition of the First Annual Miss Moral America Pageant.
After days of rehearsals, interviews, and sponsor workshops, it was finally under way...
To Be Continued

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©



COMING

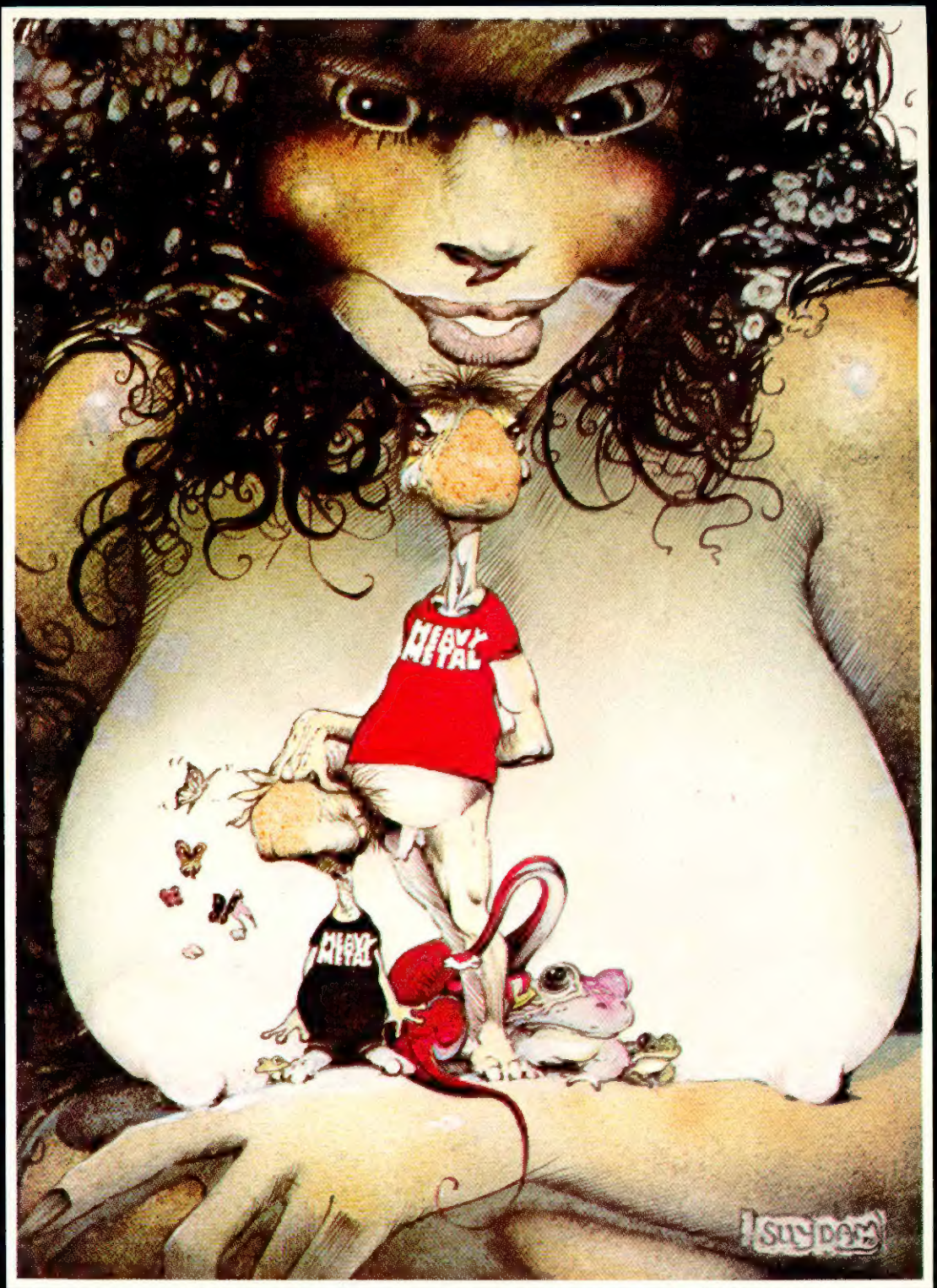
With all the excitement of the *HM* movie coming out in early August, we almost overlooked preparing the September issue, but do it we did. We've got an old friend back with a refreshingly new outlook: **Jeff Jones** will begin his new monthly feature page.

The rapprochement with our French friends at *Metal Hurlant* will enable us to bring you the likes of **Moebius**, **Druillet**, **Schuiten**, and **Jeronaton** in this and future issues.

Jim Steranko continues the further adventures of Sean Connery (Marshal O'Niel) from the hit movie *Outland*. Plus: **Caza**, **Chaykin**, **Findley**, and **Kierkegaard**.

Meanwhile, see our movie five times and buy the soundtrack album, the T-shirts, the posters, etc., etc.

"My men wear HEAVY METAL t-shirts, or they wear nothing at all."



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